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THE STORY OF HUBERT DARNAY.

Translated from the French, by Mrs. J. Sadlier.

"Do you see," said the Vicar, "those old ruined towers and crumbling walls crowning the summit of yonder rock which projects like a cape at the mouth of the valley? That was once the dwelling of your ancestors.' At the period of the conquest of Franche-Comte, in 1674, it was inhabited by the young Baron Rene du Verney, and his mother, the widow of François du Verney, who was killed at the siege of Besançon, in 1664. This circumstance had contributed not a little to increase the hatred wherewith the mother and son both regarded the French. Baron Rene raised a certain number of devoted soldiers, and being joined by others of the neighboring nobles, commenced a sort of guerilla war, which did considerable damage to the enemy. Amongst the followers of Rene, there was one who distinguished himself by his bravery, and especially by his fidelity and devotion to his lord: that man was Hubert Darnay. The young baron and his vassal were nearly of an age; they had been brought up together; together they had ranged the forests, climbed the rocks, and followed in the track of the chamois and the bear. The natural result of this community of life and of habits was a familiarity, an intimacy, which, without entirely effacing, lessened the distance placed between the two young men by birth and fortune. Hubert regarded Rene with that deference which he owed to his lord, but without any mixture of meanness or servility, while the young baron, on his side, whilst he invariably treated Hubert with kindness, and even affection, knew how to preserve the dignity which became his rank, without either arrogance or assumption.

"At the moment when the baron and his troop were about to start on their first warlike expedition, the baroness sent for Hubert Darnay, in order to commend her son to his special care. 'You see how it is with him,' said she, 'he is the last and sole representative of the noble house of Verney; it is to you, my dear Hubert, to you who, from childhood, have shown an attachment for him, it is to you that I confide him. You know he is brave even to rashness: so, it is true, are you, but you are also more prudent than he. . . . It were unnecessary to ask if you will grant my request, for the light which sparkles in your eye, through tears which you would fain repress, assures me that I have not besought you in vain.'

"Scarcely had she uttered these words, when Hubert bending one knee to the ground, and extending his hand towards a crucifix placed over the dowager's prie-Dieu, exclaimed with fervor: "I swear and vow before God, and in presence of the image of our blessed Redeemer, that I will defend your son's life at the peril of my own, and will, at any time, be ready to give mine for his. The only return which I ask of your ladyship is, that, if I fall, you will take charge of my son, and that you and the baron will supply my place to him."

"'I hope God will preserve you from such a misfortune,' said the baroness, 'but were it so to happen, I here solemnly pledge myself in presence of that same God who has ratified your oath, that your child shall be adopted as my own, and that I will discharge to the best of my power the duties of a mother in his regard.'

"For several months Baron Rene obtained the most signal success over the French detachments scattered throughout the neighborhood. He intercepted several convoys with provisions and other stores, defeated several detached corps, and arrested the progress of the French arms in that part of the province. Louis XIV., exasperated by a resistance to which he was little accustomed, at length dispatched one of his lieutenants at the head of a strong force with orders to destroy all the fortresses in that mountain region, and to secure at any cost the leaders of what he was pleased to term the insurrection. The Baron du Verney was specially pointed out as one of those who must be taken dead or alive.

"The royal general executed these orders with a severity which, as usual, exceeded the letter of his instructions. The poor mountaineers could not long hold out against trained and practised warriors, and were soon forced to take refuge in the strong castles which bristled on the rocky steeps. But what protection could those walls afford against the thunder of cannon, built as they were in the middle ages, long before the invention of powder? A few hours was sufficient to carry even the strongest.

"Only one of these castles maintained a longer and more obstinate siege than the others: it was that of Du Verney. For more than eight days it resisted all the efforts of the French, and made them experience considerable loss. The general was furious. He summoned the garrison to surrender at discretion, warning them in the most menacing terms that they should all be put to the edge of the sword, and their chief hung from the battlements. The besieged made answer that they would rather bury themselves beneath the fortress. Immediately the cannon boomed out again, awakening the slumbering echoes of the mountain, and at nightfall one of the principal towers fell with a tremendous crash, opening to the besiegers a yawning breach whereby they could easily enter the place. To crown all, Baron Rene was dangerously wounded by the blow of a stone, and was conveyed to his bed without sense or motion.

"Night suspended the combat, but it was clear that at the dawn of day the assault would be renewed without any means of offering further resistance. The baroness summoned the most experienced of the men to hold a council in the grant hall. After many plans had been proposed and discussed they resolved to send a messenger to the French commander with a flag of truce, offering to capitulate. The answer was not long withheld. It was this: 'The Baron du Verney shall be immediately given up to me to be hung. On that condition, the rest of the garrison shall be spared, but otherwise every soul within the castle shall be put to the sword, without distinction either of age or sex.' This reply threw the inhabitants of the castle into terror and consternation. The baroness was paralyzed. First then came in the surgeon who had been dressing Rene's wounds. Ignorant of what was passed, and very naturally ascribing this accession of grief to the apprehensions inspired by the baron's danger, he approached the dowager with:

"'Take courage, madam;—your son has, it is true, received a severe contusion, but there is no serious fracture, and I will answer for his life. He has just recovered his senses, and his first words were an inquiry for your ladyship, and a wish to see you.'

"'Ah! would to God,' sobbed the wretched mother, 'that he had died like his father, fighting in the breach!' She could say no more. She then arose, and leaning on the arm of one of her women, repaired to her son's chamber.

"The surgeon was amazed. He could by no means account for the effect which his words had produced, and, casting his eyes around, he beheld on every face the same dismay as if he had announced the baron's death.

"For some minutes all were silent, but at length Hubert Darney put a question to the surgeon: 'Are you quite sure that my lord's wounds are not mortal, and that his life is in no danger?'

"'So sure am I, that I would stake my life on it.'

"'In that case, my friends,' said Hubert, addressing his companions in arms, 'in that case, I have a duty to fulfil, and I count on you to help me. At the commencement of this campaign, I promised in this very hall, at the foot of yonder crucifix, that I would, if necessary, and under any circumstances, give my life to save that of our young lord. The moment has now arrived when I am bound to fulfil my promise. The French commander requires that the Baron du Verney be given up at discretion, on which condition you shall all be free. Well, I am going to assume the baron's clothes and arms; we are nearly of the same age and of the same height. No one in the French camp is acquainted with the baron's features, although there are many who have made close acquaintance with his armour and his helmet, through the closed visor of which they could only see his sparkling eyes. I can easily pass for the baron, and will succeed, with God's help, in saving you all.'

"A movement of surprise and admiration agitated the assembly. No one ventured to reply, for no one could decide what had best be done. Observing this, Darnay quickly resumed:

"'There is not a moment to be lost. We must avail ourselves of the absence of the baroness, who might have some scruples about permitting me to accomplish my vow. Besides, you must not imagine that I run so great a risk after all. Such threats as this of the French Commander are not often executed now-a-days. I shall get off, I dare say, with some months' imprisonment, and perhaps they may demand a ransom. Nevertheless, if there must be a victim, is it not better that I should die than the last descendant of the Verneys? What would become of you all after his death? What would become of myself, in case I survived him? All his property, would be confiscated and given to strangers who would expel us from these domains where we have lived so long. . . . Friends! I have only one favor to ask of you!—that my wife and child may remain ignorant of *my* fate. Tell them that I fell fighting. . . . O my child! . . . so young to be deprived of your father! . . . and here his hand wiped away some falling tears, but quickly regaining his composure, he went on: "But no, you shall not know the want of a father. I bequeath you to the Baron du Verney, and if he fail you, you will still have a father in heaven! Come along, comrades, quick to our several parts, and let us get through as soon as possible!'

"His companions obeyed, for they could no longer resist his simple and impassioned eloquence, but they admired his heroic devotions, and their tears attested the sincerity of their sorrow. They arrayed him in the baron's clothes and armor, whilst the herald returned to apprize the French commander that the young baron was willing to surrender at discretion, on condition that he would grant permission, according to promise, for all the other inhabitants to quit the castle.

"The French general ordered the garrison instantly to evacuate the castle and carry off their wounded. Each soldier was then to lay down his arms, and to remove nothing from the castle but what he required for his own personal use. But, first of all, the baron was to be delivered up to the provost-marshal, who was to receive him at the gate of the castle, with a troop which was thereupon to take possession of said gate.

"As soon as the herald had returned, Hubert regulated the order of march. He especially recommended that the baroness should be kept in ignorance of what was passing; he merely sent her word that every one was to leave the castle immediately, and that she was to follow the garrison with the women of her suite. On hearing this, the baroness, believing that the baron was to be given up, broke out into piteous lamentations, repeating, in her despair, that she would die with her son. Hubert had foreseen this outburst of maternal anguish, and relied thereon as another means of deceiving the enemy.

"Everything succeeded as he could have wished. The procession set out, with Hubert at its head. Then came the wounded, and the rest of the garrison, followed by the baroness and her attendants, whose tears and cries softened the hearts even of the French soldiers. On leaving the castle, the baroness fainted, and they were obliged to transport her in a temporary litter, so that she saw nothing of what was going on around her.

"Hubert handed to the provost a sword on whose pommel was engraved the arms of the Barons du Verney; the soldiers laid down their arms and retired. The French took immediate possession of the castle, which was pillaged and then consigned to the flames.

"During this scene of desolation, Hubert remained in the midst of his guards, expecting the final decision of his fate. A group of officers, amongst whom was the French commander, stood at a little distance, conversing in a low voice. In a short time, one of these gentlemen advanced, and said to Hubert: 'Baron du Verney, prepare to die!'

"'I am ready!' was the calm reply.

"A few minutes after he was hung from yonder tree, which hung within a hundred paces of the castle gates.

"As for the baron, he was conveyed to the house of one of his farmers, for whose son he passed, till the departure of the French. As there were soldiers quartered in the house, the baroness had been conducted to another, lest the joyful emotion arising from the unexpected sight of her son might betray the secret. But a few days after, when the French were gone, she was made acquainted with all that had passed. The feelings with which she listened to this recital may be easier imagined than described. Her first thought was to insist on seeing her son immediately, as though she still doubted the truth of what she had heard. She was at once conducted to her son, with a strict injunction to avoid all allusion to the tragical death of Hubert, as such news, in the enfeebled state of the baron's health, might well bring on a fatal relapse. He was told that Hubert, of whom he talked incessantly, had been killed by the same blow which wounded himself. It was not till several months had passed, and his own health was fully re-established, that he learned the whole truth. Even then, the shock was so great, as nearly to deprive him of his senses. He summoned to his presence all those who were present in the castle-hall when Hubert

made known his project. He made them tell him word for word all that had been said and done; nay, he would have the story told by several of the eye-witnesses, he listening with his face buried in his hands; his eye fixed, his teeth set, his chest heaving convulsively. At length he started from his seat, and darting a furious look on the narrators: 'What!' cried he, 'ye had the baseness to consent to Hubert's noble sacrifice, and to give up to the hangman my brother in arms, the dear companion of my childhood!—and you did it without consulting either my mother or myself. You were more cruel than those who murdered him. But, you will say, it was to save me. Do you suppose, then, that I will accept life at the expense of Hubert's? No, no; ye have made life an intolerable burden, one indeed that I can hardly bear;' and so saying, he sank once more into gloomy and silent despair.

"The baroness, being told of the state in which Rene was, now entered the apartment with Hubert's infant son in her arms: 'My son,' said she, presenting the child, 'you talk of dying—who then will be a father to this helpless creature whom your lost friend bequeathed to you when about to consummate his sacrifice?'

"These words instantly restored the baron's composure. He looked earnestly at the child, as if seeking to discover in its infant features any likeness to the lamented dead, then taking it in his arms: 'Yes, yes!' he cried, 'you shall henceforward be my son, and since I am fated to survive your father, I will keep you as his living image, and you shall find him again in me.' As he spoke these words, the tears flowed profusely from his eyes; they were the first tears he had shed since he heard of his friend's tragical fate, and they served to calm and relieve his mind.

"Some time after, his mother prevailed upon him to quit the scene of his misfortunes, and by a lengthened sojourn in foreign lands to efface, as far as might be, the memory of the past.

"At the end of two years he married the daughter of the Count de Fallerans, one of my ancestors, which was the first alliance between your house and ours. When Hubert's son grew up to man's estate, the baron gave him the fine farm of Val-des-Bois as a perpetual inheritance for his family, and the young man soon provided himself with a fair and virtuous wife. Such then is the history of Darnay's connection with you Verney."

A FRENCHMAN IN IRELAND. No. 2.

THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION.

I fortunately reached Dublin two days before the British Association for the Advancement of Science commenced its session. This society has now been twenty-seven years in existence, and numbers within its ranks the *elite* of the population of these islands, aristocracy, clergy—*tiers etat*, it matters not who you are, but what you have done, and the names of all who love Science, or promote, or dabble in it, ever so little, are sure to figure on its lists. The seat of the society is in London—but every year it holds a sort of scientific congress in some part of the United Kingdom to which members and foreign *savants* in correspondence are convened. This year, the Irish capital has been chosen, and a better selection could not have been made, for Dublin is the handsomest and incontestably the gayest city in the three kingdoms. London smokes, Glasgow toils, Edinburgh thinks, Birmingham forges, Manchester spins, Dublin drapes herself in her picturesque poverty, laughs, sings, dances, while 'tis summer. How will it be when the sky changes? The British Association admits to its meetings non-members on payment of £1. Need I say that the notabilities of Dublin hastened to inscribe their names—the ladies not less eagerly than the gentlemen.

TRINITY COLLEGE—ITS FELLOWS AND A PROFESSOR OF HEBREW.

Trinity College is unsurpassed by any educational endowment in Europe. Admirably placed in the very heart of the city, it is girt round with tall trees, and contains within its vast enclosures shady groves, flower gardens, and green lawns. Its fellows, many of them ripe scholars, are assiduous attendants at the meetings, doing the honors to the ladies with grave courtesy, like that politeness of the *ancient regime* which we sometimes find lingering amongst the learned professions, and which was the true sort. Each morning they may be seen dressed in a black coat, white neckcloth, and beards freshly shaved, and with a small, square-topped black cap, which looks at a distance like the *chapska* of the Polish Lancers, a lady on each arm, and followed by half-a-dozen others. All these Fellows are Protestants, many of them clergymen of the Established Church, which, however, does not hinder them from entering into the soft bands of matrimony. One day I went to call upon the Professor of—Hebrew—or Sanscrit—no matter which—the Rev. A——. I knocked at his door, which was speedily opened by a youthful *Bonne*, a chubby little rolly-polly *Bonne*, round and ruddy as an apple! The Professor was from home, but as his return was expected every moment I was requested to enter, and was shown into a comfortable study. On the table were a dozen folio——bottles of XX! A side door opened, and from a sky-blue bedchamber issued a lady of about thirty years of age. Of course she was as blonde as her chamber was blue. She counted the bottles, settled the books—the poor books!—brushed some dirt from the table-cover—it was easy to see she was at home. "Excuse me, Madame," said I; "I fear some mistake. I wished to see the Rev. Mr. A——." "You are quite right, Sir; I am his wife." A covey of *little fellows* which now came flocking round the maternal skirts proved that matrimony is no sinecure to an Anglican divine! The Chapel, the Museum, the Refectory, and the Library, especially are incessantly visited by the members.

OTHER INTERESTING SIGHTS.

There are, besides, crowds of interesting things to be seen in town, for, with the exception of Westminster and St. Paul's, London itself is by no means as rich in public buildings: even at Paris we have not any street wider, more airy, and cheerful than Sackville street, of which I send you a sketch, taken from Carlisle Bridge. The sort of Colonne Vendome which you see in the centre, is dedicated to an English Admiral, Lord Nelson, who fell at Trafalgar; on the left is the Post Office—finer looking and more architectural than the one in the Rue Jean Jaques Rousseau; on each side of the street are handsome houses—some of them quite palatial, and not blackened with smoke, as too often is the case with the West End and Piccadilly. In the distance is a large building, called the Rotundo, where the handsome Irish ladies show off their finest dresses, and devote themselves to the enjoyment of dancing and music, during the long evenings of winter; close beside is an Hospital!—a strange neighborhood, but a true type of Ireland—ever ready to mingle pain with pleasure, smiles and tears. I mentioned Carlisle Bridge—its situation is nearly central; and it is one of the best places for viewing the *ensemble* of the city. Before you lies that noble Sackville street; on your left lines of quays stretching far out of sight (London has none)—granite quays—surmounted by an elegant balustrade, and between them the Liffey, rolling its dark waters to the main; on your right are houses again, and a forest of masts rising up between their white sails, floating lazily, like spring blinds, before half-opened windows. A little further on is the Custom House, one of the most beautiful edifices in the United Kingdom, and far more worthy of the pencil of a Canalletto than of the rough sketch of a tourist, with its elegant colonnade—its grand portico—its pavement of alternating marbles—its dome of copper, surmounted with a statue of Hope (Hope on a Custom House!)—and the waves so close they kiss its foot—one might fancy it a beautiful Venetian palace—the Giudecca, for instance, or, better still, the Salute.

THE FOUR COURTS.

The Justice Palace—or Four Courts, as it is called—is also on the river. It is of great extent, the facade being five hundred feet in length. There are two wings and in front of each a triumphal arch, on which are sculptured the Harp of Erin and the British Imperial Crown; the portico, which is in the centre, has six Corinthian pillars supporting a frieze, on which Moses is represented between Justice—whose inflexible minister he was. An enormous dome, covered with plates of metal, overloads—nay, crushes—the colonnade, which but for it would have been graceful. The name is taken from the four courts of law, which sit within its vast enclosure—the Court of Chancery, or High Court—the Queen's Bench, the Common Pleas and the Exchequer.

THE BANK OF IRELAND.

The Bank is a magnificent edifice, before which the members of the Association often pause—it is directly opposite Trinity College. About half a century ago it was the Parliament House, and is generally admitted to be one of the noblest structures in the three kingdoms. The peristyle is magnificent; the centre colonnade is Ionic, and is surmounted by three statues in white marble representing Erin, seated between Commerce and Fidelity; there are also two Corinthian colonnades, which extend round each side and cover the wings, and the two orders harmonize perfectly, without the slightest shock to good taste, so happy is the general disposition of this splendid palace, which was terminated in 1785. It was the seat of the Irish Parliament for seventeen years, at the end of which period the Union took place—followed by the dissolution of that suicidal parliament which did not merit to live—but with itself it unfortunately dragged down the country into the abyss. I was told that the names of the venal members are still remembered with contempt, and those of the patriot ministry with honor. After the Union, the Bank of Ireland obtained a lease of the premises, in which they have made considerable alterations. The House of Lords alone has been respected; the seats, the tables, the great Dutch tapestry hangings all remain unchanged, and if the Peers choose to occupy it again tomorrow, it would only be necessary to replace the Speaker's chair in the spot which has been usurped by the statue of George III. Dublin would be nearly faultless in my eyes were it not *too new*—the least modern of the buildings I have mentioned is not a century in existence; enough to drive an antiquary to despair!

ST. PATRICK'S CATHEDRAL.

If you would seek a memorial of past times, you must penetrate to a quarter I mentioned in my former letter, once aristocratic, it is now *ultra de moc soc*—it is known as *The Liberty*, from having been in former times out of the jurisdiction of the Lord Mayor. There in the midst of a cloaca of filthy streets, within which are collected all the rags of the city, like what the *Temple* and the *Cite* might have exhibited in our own Paris 300 years ago, we find St. Patrick's Cathedral built upon the site of a more ancient church, and now devoted to Protestant worship. It is a mass of granite of sombre aspect. The general plan is the early Ogival; the successive additions of five or six centuries have materially altered its character. The steeple is like an extinguisher of one hundred and twenty feet high, surmounted by a spire of one hundred feet. I send you a tolerably exact sketch. Behold and judge! As to the interior, Iconoclastic Protestantism has done its best or its worst to spoil it—the nave is empty, naked, desolate, and threatening ruin on all sides. It is separated from the choir by arches, supported by a row of heavy octagonal pillars. This choir alone affords any interest—its columns are slight—its arches more pointed—its ornamental foliage more delicately cut out. The archiepiscopal throne is of carved Irish oak. The altar, or communion table, is handsome; the altar, the great organ, which is in the Jube or ambo, is superb, and said to have been in the Spanish Armada; the stalls of the Knights of St. Patrick, surmounted each by helmet, sword, and banner, have an imposing effect. The monuments, which are not numerous, have no other merit than that of recording historical names—they have no artistic value. The most celebrated is that of Dean Swift, the wittiest man of his time, but one whose intellect had killed his heart, and who made those who loved him miserable. The gentle Stella—Mistress Johnson—lies not far off, the meek victim of her own passionate attachment, and the selfishness of her lover—a sad warning to those unhappy but noble women who have the courage to attach themselves to wat fickle, light, inconstant being—a poet!

THE ROYAL PALACE OF DELHI.

The imperial palace, the pride of Delhi and wonder of the early travellers, was built by Shah Jehan. It is of red granite, and far surpasses the Kremlin in magnificence, being a structure in all respects worthy of the governors of one of the mightiest and most splendid empires which the world has seen—that of the Indian Mohammedans. The entrance-gate surpasses anything of the kind in Europe, and is so high that a man can ride through it mounted on an elephant. But this fair outside is not all: on entering, the visitor proceeds down a long aisle, like that of a cathedral, ornamented with inscriptions from the Koran, and flowers all beautifully cut with that delicacy and patience for which Eastern workmen are so famed. In the middle of this is an octagon court. The apartments are all ornamented in the same manner with inlaid flowers and foliage of precious marble. Many of the rooms are lined with white marble, inlaid with flowers and leaves of green serpentine, lapis lazuli, and blue and red porphyry, so arranged as to give the appearance of natural plants creeping over the walls. Some of the flowers have as many as sixty separate pieces of shaded stone used in their structure, that a more natural appearance might be produced.

The private hall of audience, where in former times the Great Mogul used to receive particular persons, and confer titles of nobility, is a pavillion of white marble, opening on one side to a large garden, and on the other to the palace. Round the frieze is the motto which Moore has translated in "Lalla Rookh:"

If there be an elysium on earth,
It is this! it is this!

The pillars and arches are inlaid with gold and carved flowers, exquisitely delicate, and inscriptions in the most elaborate Persian character. The floor is of marble, beautifully inlaid.

The public hall of audience, where the Shah used to sit in state to hear the complaints and receive the petitions of his subjects, is in the outer court of the palace. This, like the other, is of marble, but larger. Three sides are open, and the fourth is closed by a black wall, clothed with inlaying and inscriptions. The throne is in the centre, raised ten feet from the ground, so that the monarch could see and be seen by any one who wished to address him, but who might be impeded by his attendants.

That splendid peacock throne, which we have all heard of from our infancy, was carried off by Nadir Shah, and now graces the palace of Teheran. But still, even in its present state, that of Delhi is the most noble palace the world can boast, excelling anything which the poverty of a European imagination could ever produce, either in ancient or modern times. And such is the building which our press is urging on the Indian army to reduce to dust when we recapture Delhi! We are fond of boasting of civilization, and the respect for art which it gives, and at the same time vituperating the Easterns as being now, and at all times, barbarians; but, I ask, would an Eastern king ever commit such an act as destroying this, the finest mouument of architectural skill in existence? No. For when the ignorantly-abused Turks besieged Vienna, they particularly averted the fire of their artillery from the quarter of the Church of St. Stephen's, as, like brave men, they fought with human beings, and not with the manifestations of genius.—*Bentley's Miscellany.*

PUBLIC DINNER AT STRABANE TO THE REV. HUGH M'LAUGHLIN, P.P., RICHMOND, PHILADELPHIA.

[*From the Ulsterman.*]

On Monday evening between forty and fifty gentlemen entertained the Rev. Hugh M'Laughlin at a public dinner at Miss Monaghan's Hotel, as a tribute of their esteem previous to his leaving for the land of his adoption. The Rev. gentleman is a native of the parish of Urney, and has been for the last fourteen years on the American mission, where he has distinguished himself not only by his zeal for the glory of God, but in promoting the interests of his countrymen at home and in America. There are few Irish Clergymen who have visited Philadelphia of late years who do not acknowledge with kindness the invaluable services he has rendered them by an exercise of his influence in forwarding the objects of their mission. The greater portion of his entertainers on this occasion had been, in his schoolboy days, his companions and friends, and their attachment and esteem for him was as sincere as when they separated.

Amongst those present were—The Very Rev. Dr. Brown, P.P., Strabane; Rev. M. M'Glinchy, P.P., Badowney; Rev. Hugh Nugent, P.P., Waterside, Londonderry; Rev. Edwd. M'Bride, P.P., Urney; Rev. James Stevens, P.P., St. Johnston; Rev. John M'Caig, C.C., Leckpatrick; Rev. James M'Laughlin, Adm., Newtownstewart; Rev. William O'Doherty, C.C., Strabane; Rev. Mr. Rodgers, C.C., Strabane; Rev. James Connolly, C.C., Urney; Rev. John M'Cullaugh, C.C., and a large number of respectable laity.

The Very Rev. Dr. Brown, P.P., occupied the chair, and the duties of the vice-chair were efficiently discharged by the Rev. E. M'Bride, P.P., assisted by the Rev. M. M'Glinchy.

The Chairman said, without further preface, he would propose to them—"The Catholic Hierarchy and Clergy of America," coupled with the name of the Rev. Hugh M'Laughlin, the esteemed Pastor of Richmond.

When the Rev. Mr. M'Laughlin rose to return thanks it was the signal for renewed outbursts of applause. He said he wished he could find words to thank his very kind clerical and lay friends, but no language of his could express the deep sentiments of gratitude which filled his heart on the occasion. However, he felt relieved at the thought that his humble name had been associated with the distinguished Bishops and warm-hearted Priests of America. Truly might it be said that Ireland's sorrows were the sorrows of the American people, and that her joys were their joys, which has been amply proved on more than one occasion. Strong and indissoluble are the ties existing between the two countries—stronger than any known to exist between any other two countries on the face of the earth—ties of blood, friendship, and mutual interest. The Irishman's hospitality, fidelity, and affection have been tried and appreciated by the big hearted and liberal people of the great American republic—aye, tried and cemented with his heart's blood on the battle-field of his adopted land. The very enthusiastic reception given him by their esteemed and beloved Bishop, and by the warm-hearted Priests of Derry, more than realized the fondest anticipation he could have entertained on his return to his native land. More than this, he had the unexpected honor of a most enthusiastic reception from the learned and saintly Primate, Dr. Dixon, who happily sways the destinies of religion in Ireland, as well as from his esteemed Clergy, and especially from that grateful and highly-deserving ornament of his diocese, Father M'Mahon, whose name is kindly emblazoned in the remembrance of the Clergy and laity of America. His hospitality and humble efforts to aid the cause of religion have been overrated by his two kind friends, Fathers Brown and Stevens, whose extraordinary kindness and personal regard towards him have induced them to imagine what it would be beyond the power of any man to almost realize. That which most enhanced the value of his visit was the fact, in every part of Ireland, where he had the pleasure of being known as an American Priest, he received the same cordial and enthusiastic welcome. It would be an agreeable duty for him to state on his return to his adopted land that the Bishops, Priests, and people of America were so highly prized and so warmly remembered in old Ireland; and never was there a Hierarchy, Priesthood, or people more worthy of the grateful affections of a warm-hearted people than those of America. If Ireland's liberty depended on America's gratitude and intervention, shields would be purchased by her Ecclesiastics, and swords would leap from the scabbards of her citizens. The reminiscences of that evening, and of his visit to his native land, would form associations and recollections that never could be obliterated from his memory. The reverend gentleman then resumed his seat amidst the warmest demonstrations of esteem.

The reverend gentleman shortly afterwards rose, and, in eulogistic terms, proposed "The Health of the Chairman."

A new Canadian Administration has been formed and sworn in on Friday last. It is composed of Messrs. J. A. Macdonald, Premier and Attorney General of Upper Canada; Wm. Cayley, Inspector General; R. Spence, Postmaster General; G. E. Cartier, Attorney General of Lower Canada; J. C. Morrison, Receiver General; P. M. Koughnet, President Executive Council; T. J. J. Loranger, Provincial Secretary; N. F. Belleau, President Legislative Council; C. Alleyn, Commissioner Public Works; and L. V. Sicotte, Commissioner Crown Lands.

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF O'CONNELL.

BY WILLIAM J. O'N. DAUNT, ESQ.,

OF KILCASCAN, COUNTY CORK.

CHAPTER XXVII.

O'Connell's Reply to Lord Shrewsbury—"Laing's Notes of a Traveller"—"Thiers' History of the French Revolution"—Taking the Pledge—Anecdotes—The Ruins of Ardfinnan—The Irish Bar—King Charles the Second—O'Connell's Autographs.

After an interval of several weeks, which were passed in more than the usual press of occupation, O'Connell published his reply to Lord Shrewsbury, of which 2,000 copies were printed and speedily sold off in February, 1842. A larger edition for popular use was immediately published. Lord Shrewsbury's production had contained an insinuation that O'Connell's political activity might be supposed to arise from a desire to augment the "*rent*"—as he termed the National Annuity. O'Connell's reply to this charge is of the highest personal interest.

"The pamphlet," says Mr. Lucas, in a letter to me, "I consider, as a whole, to be incomparably the finest specimen of Mr. O'Connell's literary powers that has ever fallen under my observation. The hurry in which such a man must live, too often shows itself, I think, in his writings and speeches; which, admirable as they are, and powerful beyond the reach of common men, often bear the marks of haste, slovenly composition, and thoughts imperfectly developed. The greatest admirer of Mr. O'Connell's writings and speeches would not judge of him by these, but by what he has done, and is doing, which is far beyond the literary merit of what he has written or spoken. But this book, written, I suppose, in the busiest portion of his busy life, has all the appearance of having proceeded from the leisure of the closet. Of course, I do not mean it reads like the production of a mere pen-politician; the very reverse is the case. It smacks all over of the active and indefatigable statesman; but it reads as if the writer had had three weeks' leisure to elaborate and mature the many thoughts with which his brain was teeming. The very sarcasms seem as if he had not in a hurry caught up the first that came to hand; but had taken breath now and then, and ingeniously selected the most crushing. I declare to you it excites my astonishment that Mr. O'Connell can have found time at the present moment to produce such a work."

On one of O'Connell's political journeys to Cork—it was in 1842, he brought with him "Laing's Notes of a Traveller," which he pronounced to be "a precious book;" and "Thiers' History of the French Revolution." "This Thiers," said he, "is not always very happy in describing battles. He sometimes leaves his reader in the dark as to who was the winning party." He then spoke of the glories of Buonaparte as "a splendid dream," and commented on the career of the emperor in nearly the identical words he had applied to the same topic on our journey from Ennis to Dublin in 1840.

On Easter Sunday I had the happiness of taking the temperance pledge, and receiving the medal from the hands of my excellent friend, Father Mathew. On the following day O'Connell walked through the streets of Cork, in the van of the temperance procession. Father Mathew informed us, that despite of all obstacles, the cause was advancing gloriously. My ticket was numbered 4,249,184. It was indeed a strange and melancholy proof of the fatuity of sectarian fanaticism, that the Apostle of Temperance was from time to time denounced by so-called ministers of religion, as the propagator of superstition. The Honorable and Rev. Mr. Wingfield—a name not unknown upon proselyting platforms—told Father Matthew that he deemed drunkenness, with all its concomitant horrors, a less evil than the "superstition" annexed to the temperance pledge. Another reverend personage, who proceeded on some biblical expedition from Cork to Ballincen, said, in the hearing of a member of my family, that the Temperance Pledge was *idolatrous*. It does not seem to have occurred to any of these wild people to attach the idea of idolatry to the odious practice of drunkenness; to the prostration of the human intellect before a vile and degrading vice.

O'Connell, having completed his arrangements, quitted Cork at five o'clock on Easter Tuesday morning, on his return to Dublin. We breakfasted at Fermoy. Passing the bridge at Moorepark, he said—

"There is a story connected with this place, which shows how the law was administered in Ireland some seventy or eighty years ago. I *think* Lord Annaly was the judge who figured in it—but as I am not quite sure, I don't like to attach a discreditable tale to his name without stating my uncertainty on this point. He was coming to the Cork assizes, where he was to try a heavy record involving the right of a gentleman named Nagle to a large estate. This bridge did not then exist, and the road descending to the ford was, of course, a great deal steeper than it is at present, and you see it is bad enough now. The judge's carriage was encountered in the stream by a large drove of bullocks, and considerable delay arose to his progress from the crowded and unruly animals. He bore it in silence for a few minutes; but at length impatient of the continued impediment, he angrily called out to the driver of the herd, 'Hallo! friend! make way there at once. How dare you stop me?' 'I can't help it, sir,' returned the bullock-driver, 'I'm obeying the orders of my master, Mr. Nagle, who ordhered me to drive these beasts to ———' (naming Lord Annaly's residence in another county). On this announcement his lordship's ire softened down considerably. He inquired *who* Mr. Nagle, the owner of the bullocks, was; and having satisfied himself that the drove were intended by that gentleman as a douceur for his lordship, previously to the pending trial, he awaited the clearance of the passage in philosophic silence. When the trial came on, he took excellent care to secure a verdict in favor of Nagle. On his return to his own abode after the circuit had closed, the first question he asked was, 'Where the drove of bullocks were?' But bullocks, alas! there were none! Nagle had fairly bit the judge. The fact was, that his cause had been disposed of at an early period of the Cork Assizes, and seeing no utility in giving away his bullocks for a verdict which was now secured, he despatched an express, who overtook the drover within six miles of the judge's residence, and ordered him to countermarch. Here is another story for you. The noted Denis O'Brien had a record at Nenagh;—the judge had talked of purchasing a set of carriage horses, and Denis accordingly sent him a magnificent set, hoping they would answer his lordship, &c., &c. The judge graciously accepted the horses, and praised their points extravagantly; and what was more important for Denis, he charged the jury in his favor, and obtained a verdict for him. The instant Denis gained his point, he sent in a bill to the judge for the full value of the horses. His lordship called Denis aside to expostulate privately with him. 'Oh, Mr. O'Brien,' said he, 'I did not think you meant to charge me for those horses. Come, now, my dear friend, why should I pay you for them?' 'Upon my word, that's curious talk,' retorted Denis, in a tone of defiance; 'I'd like to know why your lordship *should not* pay me for them?' To this inquiry, of course, a reply was impossible; all the judge had for it was to hold his peace and pay the money."

As we ascended the Kilworth heights, O'Connell repeated the anecdote of his journey there in 1799, in the company of Harry Deane Grady. "It was a dreadful wet evening," said he, "when Grady and I crossed these mountains. My cousin, Captain Henessy, commanded the company who had on that day escorted the judges from Cork to Fermoy. On reaching Fermoy he was thoroughly drenched. He pulled out the breast of his shirt, and wrung a pint of water from it on the floor. I implored him to change his dress. 'Oh, no,' he answered, 'I shan't mind it;' and in that state he sat down to dinner. The result, of course, was a fever; and in three or four days he was a corpse. How people will fling their lives away! I once myself nearly fell a victim to sitting in wet clothes. No one should remain one instant in them after ceasing to be in motion. As long as you are riding or walking, the exercise preserves you. On reaching your house, throw off your wet clothes, and get between blankets at once. Thus you become warm all over in an instant. To rinse the mouth once or twice with spirits and water is useful."

As we approached the ancient ruins of Ardfinnan, perched on their limestone rock, beneath which the river winds in a graceful curve, O'Connell remarked, "That is the fortress whose garrison was described by the chaplain of one of Cromwell's regiments as having tails like horses."

Speaking of the Irish bar, I asked him whether its reputation for wit was not greater in the last than in the present century. He said they had now no such wit as Curran; but that other members of the bar participated in a large degree in the laughter-stirring quality. "Holmes," said he, "has a great share of very clever sarcasm. As for myself, the last hour of my practice at the bar, I kept the court alternately in tears and in roars of laughter. Plunket had great wit. He was a creature of exquisite genius. Nothing could be happier than his hit in reply to Lord Redesdale about the *kites*. In a speech before Redesdale, Plunket had occasion to use the phrase 'kites' very frequently, as designating fraudulent bills and promissory notes. Lord Redesdale, to whom the phrase was quite new, at length interrupted him, saying, "I don't quite understand your meaning, Mr. Plunket. In England kites are paper playthings used by boys—in Ireland they seem to mean some species of monetary transaction.' 'There is another difference, my lord,' said Plunket, 'in England the wind raises the kites; *in Ireland the kites raise the wind.*'"

"Curran was once defending an attorney's bill of costs before Lord Clare. 'Here, now,' said Clare, 'is a flagitious imposition—how can you defend *this* item, Mr. Curran,—"To writing innumerable letters, £100?"' 'Why, my lord,' said Curran, 'nothing can be more reasonable. *It is not a penny a letter!*' And Curran's reply to Judge Robinson is exquisite in its way. 'I'll commit you, sir,' said the judge. 'I hope you'll never commit a worse thing, my lord!' retorted Curran."

"Wilson Croker, too, had humor. When the crier wanted to expel the dwarf O'Leary, who was about two feet four inches high, from the jury-box in Tralee, Croker said, 'Let him stay where he is—*De minimis non curat lex.*' And when Tom Goold got retainers from both sides, 'Keep them both,' said Croker, 'you may conscientiously do so. You can be counsel for one side, and of *use* to the other.'"

One morning at the Mansion-house, FitzPatrick, looking up at the portrait of Charles II., repeated the lines of Rochester's jocular epitaph:

"Here lies the mutton-eating king,
Whose promise none relies on;
Who never *said* a foolish thing
And never did a wise one."

"Aye," said O'Connell, laughing, "the debauched old vagabond's answer to that epitaph was admirable. 'You are perfectly right,' said he, 'it is precisely so; my *words* are my own—my *actions* are those of my ministry.'"

Some one mentioned, in the course of conversation, the historical fact of Father Huddlestone's professional attendance at the death-bed of King Charles II. I said, I feared the good father's labors was in vain, as it was not very likely that the royal scamp had obtained admission into heaven.

"Do not judge," said O'Connell, "we must hope he was pardoned."

"I do not judge," said I, "I only state what appears to be probable. Just conceive a reckless sensualist, wallowing in profligacy up to the very moment when he is seized with a fatal illness. Death suddenly knocks at the door—he finds himself within a few hours of eternity. His heart is uncleansed — fear, indeed, exhorts a piercing yell of remorse; but is it not too much to infer, that such a yell is the voice of genuine, saving contrition?"

"Daunt! Daunt! do not say that! do not say that!" cried O'Connell, very much excited. "We cannot presume to place a limit to the mercies of God. No! no! we cannot."

I was about to reply; but he said, with great earnestness, "My dear fellow, let us drop the subject." Some time afterwards he asked me if I had not observed him making signs to me to be silent on the topic of his Majesty's death-bed. I answered that I had not. "I wanted to get rid of the matter," said he, "for —— has awful doubts about salvation, and has long been in a gloomy state of mind, which I greatly dreaded your observations would increase."

The collectors of autographs made repeated applications for O'Connell's signature. A lady of rank applied to him on behalf of Prince Dolgorowski, who wished to procure his autograph for the Emperor of Russia. O'Connell refused, assigning as the reason his disinclination to show even the slightest and most insignificant courtesy to such a monster of iniquity as the Emperor Nicholas. Barrett published the fact of the refusal, at O'Connell's desire, in his newspaper, the *Pilot*, whence it found its way into several contemporary journals; and not long after a French lady addressed to O'Connell the following note:

"A Monsieur O'Connell:

"Envoi d'une dame francaise pour obtenir de lui la faveur d'un de ces autographes, qui ne sont refuses, dit on, *qui'aux Empereurs!*

"J. De La Porte.

"30 Aout, 1841, Bourdeaux."

The King of Bavaria was more successful than the Emperor Nicholas. His Majesty applied for an autograph, through his minister in England, the Baron de Cetto. The request was conveyed by Mr. W. A. O'Meara, who had the honor of his Bavarian Majesty's acquaintance. The king acknowledged the autograph in an *English* letter to Mr. O'Meara, from which I extract the following passage, as a specimen of his Majesty's proficiency in the English language, on his acquaintance with which he greatly prided himself:

"These lines, written from the hand of that energetical character, inseparable for ever from the history of our age, the autograph of that great man, Mr. D. O'Connell, should not fail or be wanting in a collection of this kind. I request you to say my thanks especially, to Mr. D. O'Connell himself for his kindness in fulfilling my desire in such an obliging way. . .

"Lewis."

(To be continued.)

THE MONASTIC INSTITUTIONS OF IRELAND.

[*From the Galway Mercury.*]

The unalterable fidelity with which our ancestors so tenaciously clung to our holy Catholic religion, despite the demoniacal appliances of the rack, the torture, and the various other excruciating agencies which human tyranny, under the control of Satanic influence, could possibly contrive, is a shining light to us who fondly hope to reach, as they did, that happy immortality promised to those who "suffer persecution for justice sake."

In the Monasteries of Ireland, from the earliest ages to the present day, like so many oasis in the barren desert of temporal ambition, the blessings of religion and civilization were to be found in the daily exercise of the vocation to which Providence calls those to whom the humble duties of a monastic life are far dearer than the highest offices in the household of Princes. And though the final extirpation of our holy Monks was savagely attempted, by means as infernal as the powers of darkness could devise, yet the sound of the Angelus bell, morning, noon, and night, pealing forth the happy announcement that on hill-top and vale the good Brothers of the third Order of St. Francis have located themselves; and in town and country they disseminate the incalculable benefits ever sure to flow from their good instruction and the irreproachable purity of their lives.

The writer has had many opportunities of learning the good results consequent upon the establishment of a branch of the Franciscan Order, and in truth he can say that if those possessed of wealth, property and independence, were fully sensible of the great and permanent happiness they would confer on those "who earn their bread by the sweat of their brow," they would doubtless take a greater interest in the furtherance of our Monastic Institutions, which, thank Heaven, are rapidly on the increase. The Monasteries of Kilkerrin, Farraher, and many others throughout the county, are like "Cities on the mountain top which cannot be concealed;" and the weary traveller who may call at either of those abodes of piety will experience a degree of hospitality unknown in the lordly mansions of ambitious worldlings, but for which, however, from time immemorial, our Monasteries are proverbial. Even though a stranger he will be received with a "Cead mile failtha," and the warmth of his reception will contrast forcibly with the icy coldness with which he will be treated by those whose paramount object is temporal aggrandizement.

BLOWING SEPOYS FROM THE GUNS.

It was an awfully imposing scene! All the troops, European and native, armed and disarmed, loyal and disaffected, were drawn up on parade, forming three sides of a square; and drawn up very carefully, you may be sure, so that any attempt on the part of the disaffected to rescue the doomed prisoners would have been easily checked. Forming the fourth side of the square, were drawn up the guns (9-pounders), ten in number, which were to be used for the execution. The prisoners, under a strong European guard, were then marched into the square—their crimes and sentences read aloud to them, and at the head of each regiment; they were then marched round the square, and up to the guns. The first ten were picked out—their eyes were bandaged, and they were bound to the guns, their backs leaning against the muzzles, and their arms fastened to the wheels. The portfires were lighted, and at a signal from the Artillery-Major, the guns were fired. It was a horrid sight that then met the eye; a regular shower of human fragments, of heads, of arms, of legs, appeared in the air through the smoke, and when that cleared away these fragments lying on the ground—fragments of Hindoos and fragments of Mussulmans, all mixed together, were all that remained of these ten mutineers. Three times more was this scene repeated; perfect callousness was depicted on every European's face; a look of grim satisfaction could even be seen in the countenances of the gunners serving the guns. But far different was the effect on the native portion of the spectators; their black faces grew ghastly pale as they gazed breathlessly at the awful spectacle.

You must know that this is nearly the only form in which death has any terrors for a native. If he is hung, or shot by musketry, he knows that his friends or relatives will be allowed to claim his body, and will give him the funeral rites required by his religion; if a Hindoo, that his body will be burned with all due ceremonies; and if a Mussulman, that his remains will be decently interred, as directed in the Koran. But if sentenced to death in this form, he knows that his body will be blown into a thousand pieces, and that it will be altogether impossible for his relatives, however devoted to him, to be sure of picking up all the fragments of his own particular body; and the thought that perhaps a limb of some one of a different religion to himself might possibly be burned or buried with the remainder of his own body, is agony to him. But notwithstanding this, it was impossible for the mutineers' direst hater not to feel some degree of admiration for the way in which they met their deaths. Nothing in their lives became them like the leaving of them. Of the whole forty, only two showed any signs of fear, and they were bitterly reproached by the others for so disgracing their race. They certainly died like men. After the first ten had been disposed of, the next batch, who had been looking on all the time, walked up to the guns quite calmly and unfalteringly, and allowed themselves to be blindfolded and tied up without moving a muscle, or showing the slightest signs of fear, or even concern. Whence had these men this strength? Their religion, bad as it may be and is, in all other points, at least befriends them well at the hour of death; it teaches them well that great and useful lesson, how to die.—*Letter from Peshawur.*

An Indian Superstition.—A beautiful superstition prevails among the Seneca tribe of Indians. When an Indian maiden dies, they imprison a young bird until it first begins to try its power of song, and loading it with kisses and caresses, they loose its bonds over the grave, in the belief that it will not fold its wings nor close its eyes until it has flown to the spirit land, and delivered its precious burden of affection to the loved and lost. It is not unfrequent to see twenty or thirty birds let loose over one grave.

In the last sitting of the Academy of Sciences of Paris it was announced that in a quarry at St. Valbert near Plombieres, in the department of the Haute Saone, traces of the footsteps of the antediluvian animal to which the name of Cheirotherium has been given were lately discovered. They are precisely similar to those which were found some years back near Hildburghausen, in Germany, and of which both Humboldt and Owen have treated. The imprints of the feet are of large size, and near them are those of smaller animals.

Dr. Hayne, the notorious bigamist, who has a wife in nearly every State of the Union, has just emerged from a five years' residence in the Kentucky State Prison. He says he can marry any woman he may choose, on first acquaintance, and in the brief time of five hours.

LATEST IRISH NEWS.

Antrim.

The Orange rioters are re-commencing their system of outrage in Belfast. In the face of the government proclamation—in spite of all the precautions which the local authorities, under government compulsion, have professed to take—these ruffians signalize the Lord's Day itself by their atrocity. Near Millfield, a poor man was lately assaulted and beaten by a gang of these rascals, because he refused to cry "To hell with the Pope!" Some persons came to the beaten man's aid, and a dangerous and protracted riot was the result. As usual, the police arrived in time to be too late. This atrocity is significant. It is one of the developments of the Orange system. Lord Enniskillen and the aristocratic Orangemen assemble in Dublin, "legally and constitutionally," to defy the Lord Chancellor; interpreting this example in their own way, the degraded Orange rabble of Belfast assemble on the Lord's Day, and, after their fashion, manifest their defiance of the laws of the land by murderously assaulting an unoffending citizen. This riot is a system; we warn the authorities to look to it. If they neglect the warning, they will be responsible for the consequences.—*Nation.*

A meeting of Belfast millowners was convened, to consider the propriety of working their mills, during the present crisis, on short time. Representatives from most of the mills were present. A lengthened discussion took place—some advocating short time, others half time, and not a few holding the opinion that their mills should be stopped altogether. The further consideration of the question was postponed for a week, when some definite arrangement will be entered into by all the parties interested.—*Banner of Ulster.*

An investigation has been held at the office of Mr. Alexander O'Rorke, solicitor, Donegall street, with the view of ascertaining the amount of property possessed by John James Moore, the notorious defrauder of the customs. After a lengthened inquiry, and the examination of several witnesses, it was found that 250 chests of the value of £1,000 and £560, charged on land, were in the name of James Moore, thus leaving the right ownership in these teas and the rent-charge an open question.—*Belfast News-Letter.*

A number of leading merchants and manufacturers, representing the wealth and worth of Belfast, assembled, recently, to declare their full confidence in the stability of the local banking institutions.

Armagh.

On the fair day in Tandragee, a good deal of excitement was caused, arising out of the following circumstances: A threatening letter had been received by the head of an Orange Lodge, and, as well as I can gather, it called upon the master of the lodge to meet this anonymous correspondent with either 1,000 or 2,000 Orangemen on the night of the 5th November in conflict. The letter was received through the Post-office, came to the ears of the constabulary, and by them was transmitted to the authorities. Another document of like import was also received by an Orange master in a different direction of the country. The neighborhood has been consequently kept in a state of disquiet and alarm, and the inhabitants were obliged to supply themselves with arms and ammunition, and are, and have been for some time, in nightly expectation of an attack. Such being the disquieted state of the surrounding neighborhood, a crisis was confidently expected on the evening of the 5th. About twilight the sound of a drum was heard to echo from the entrance of the town. In an instant every one ran in the direction of the town. The drumming party were met by a body of the police, under Head-constable Scott, of Portadown, who, it is to be presumed, warned them of the impropriety of their proceedings. However they beat the drum down and up the town, and a great crowd followed them; they ultimately departed the way they came in, without any further disturbance. The town was then allowed to remain in a state of tranquillity never before experienced on the fair night of Tandragee.—*Belfast Mercury.*

A fire broke out in the house of a carpenter named Wheelan, in the town of Lurgan, and before it could be extinguished the dwelling-house was completely consumed, and a fine young girl, eighteen years of age, unfortunately burned to death. Two other inmates of the house were so severely burned before they could be rescued, that it was found nececessary to remove them to the hospital. The fire was caused by the ignition of some carpenter's shavings which were in the house.

Clare.

An inquest was held at Ennistymon, recently, on the body of Mary Quealy, whose death occurred a few days previously under rather peculiar circumstances. It appeared that the deceased had been married last February, and that she was rather averse to the marriage. After going to the house of her husband on her wedding-day she returned home clandestinely, taking with her the bank receipts, &c., which had been given to her husband as a marriage portion. She never returned to her husband's house afterwards, but it was arranged that she should go back on the 1st of November. On the day preceding that she went to Ennistymon, and obtained from Mr. Healy, an apothecary, some opium, to be given, as she alleged, to some woman in her neighborhood, who had lost her rest, in consequence of having heard that her son was drowned on his way to Australia. This statement was a fiction. The apothecary, on being examined, mentioned the quantity of opium he had given to the deceased, and swore that it would not prove fatal, even if the whole of it was taken at once. Dr. Finucane, however, swore that in his opinion death was caused by the use of narcotic poison. Upon inquiry among the other venders of medicine in the neighborhood, there was no evidence that deceased had obtained medicine at any other place than Mr. Healy's. The jury found that death was caused by narcotic poison, administered by deceased to herself, without intending to commit suicide.—*Journal.*

Cork.

The following letter, enclosing the sum of £3 in aid of the Mathew Monument, has been received by John F. Maguire, Esq., from Bishop Murdoch, of Glasgow, one of the warmest admirers and most faithful friends of Father Mathew: "My Very Dear Sir:—I beg leave to forward to you the enclosed small contribution to the Mathew Testimonial Fund. Two pounds are from myself, ten shillings from the Rev. Mr. Condon, of Hamilton, and ten shillings from a Clerical friend. I am sorry to see that the Catholics of Scotland have not joined in the move to erect a monument to so illustrious a man, and such a great benefactor of the human race. It has not been my fault; for I drew their attention to it, and offered to receive subscriptions. How soon the great and good are forgotten in this ungrateful world! In the course of a fortnight I mean to start for Rome, and I will not fail to take your late excellent publication along with me. I am sure it will be of important service to me. Should anything occur to occasion you to write to Scotland in reference to any public measures in Parliament affecting Catholics, please address to my Coadjutor, the Right Rev. Dr. Smith, till my return."

The Right Rev. Dr. Delany has subscribed five pounds towards the establishment of the proposed reformatory for juveniles at Cork, and Mr. Sergeant Berwick, the assistant barrister of the riding, has put his name down for £50 for the same laudable purpose.

Dr. Barter, of the hydropathic establishment, St. Anne's Hill, Blarney, lectured in the Music Hall, Belfast, on "The Turkish Bath."

Charles Bianconi, the attached friend of Father Mathew, has sent his contribution of £3 for the Mathew Monument.

The Very Rev. Dominick Murphy lately administered the temperance pledge to about three hundred persons.—*Examiner.*

Derry.

It is the intention of the Derry and Enniskillen Railway Company to apply, during the ensuing session of Parliament, for a bill to enable them to make a branch to their line between Strabane and Stranorlar. It is estimated that the entire cost will be about £80,000, including purchase of land, &c. The distance is fourteen miles. The project is a most important one, which, if carried out, will open up the vast county of Donegal to the benefits of railway traffic. The writer of an article in the *University Magazine* for October pointed out this proposed line as the only extension advisable to be made to the Irish railway system at present. There is no doubt but the plan will pay the company, as a vast quantity of agricultural produce, not to speak of passengers, would be brought to the Derry and other markets, from every part of Donegal, Stranorlar being well situated as a central position.—*Sentinel.*

Mr. John Adams, of Ballydevitt House, Aghadowny, and Captain George Beresford Knox, of Maghera, have been appointed magistrates for the county of Derry.

Dublin.

In connection with Ribbonism and agrarian outrage we may refer to the silly and mischievous efforts now making to sustain the kindred villany of Orangeism. The "Grand Orange Lodge" has put forward a lengthy manifesto, remarkable equally for profanity, malignity, and stupidity, having for its object to keep alive the Orange animosity, and if possible to save the mischievous organization from utter extinction. We are confident the good sense and good feeling of all classes in the community will combine to disappoint the efforts of these mischief-makers, and to put down Orange ruffianism as well as Ribbon outrage and terrorism. Every intelligent man must know that, as long as Orangeism exists and flourishes, Ribbonism will likewise exist and flourish. At the present moment an opportunity offers to get rid of both these vile confederacies, and we trust that the opportunity will not pass away unused.—*Tablet.*

A man named Joseph Hamilton, employed as a laborer in the Ballast Board, discovered the dead body of a man floating in the Liffey, in the neighborhood of the Pigeon-house. Deceased was respectably dressed, and, on his pockets being searched, a letter was found addressed "George Mansbridge, bog oak polisher, South Frederick street." On inquiries being made at his late lodgings, it was stated that the deceased had left his residence after breakfast and had not returned.

A man named Patrick Donoghue, employed in the capacity of a light porter, dropped suddenly dead in a shop in College green, while he was in the act of delivering a message. Deceased was in the apparent possession of excellent health at the time of his death.

Major-General Sir Charles O'Donnell has been elected a member of the Royal Irish Academy. The gallant officer and traveller is devoted to Irish antiquities, literary and scientific pursuits.

One hundred workmen, recently engaged in the works for the improvement of the Kingstown Harbor, were dismissed, there being no further need of their service.

Galway.

Mary Connolly, an old woman, nearly 70 years of age, was unfortunately drowned recently, under the following circumstances: She had been attending divine service in the Dominican chapel, after leaving which she fell into the Claddagh tidal basin. The poor creature struggled some time in the water, and after being extricated almost lifeless, was conveyed to the police barrack, where Drs. Moran and Colohan were promptly in attendance. Every possible restorative was immediately applied, but without success, and she expired shortly afterwards. A lad aged 14, fell in upon Monday, but fortunately he was rescued by one of the Claddagh fishermen. Many fatal accidents have occurred in this densely populated locality, owing to the want of any protection whatever in the way of chains or a parapet or an adequate supply of light during this dark season, so that even persons well acquainted with the place are as liable to fatal accidents as strangers.—*Vindicator.*

In the Court of Exchequer, the case of Naughten against Tierney, came on. It was an action to recover penalties for exercising the office of Town Commissioner for Galway, without defendant possessing the necessary qualification. The Court declined to entertain the motion until the plaintiff should give sufficient security for payment of costs. J. C. O'Shaughnessy, Esq., agent for defendant; Robert Casey, Esq., agent for the plaintiff.—*Ibid.*

Kilkenny.

A fire lately broke out at Sandford's Court, at the house of Mr. Cahill. Providentially the family had not retired to rest; the night was also extremely calm and a large number of people were promptly on the spot, otherwise the whole range of offices would be destroyed, and a very large amount of corn and other property would have been consumed. As it is we are happy to say the loss is comparatively trifling, being confined to a single house and two ricks of oaten straw.—*Journal.*

One of the inmates of the Lunatic Asylum succeeded in breaking loose and scaling the wall. He was making his way through the town, when he was noticed by two gentlemen, Mr. Power and Mr. Tidmarsh, who arrested him. His keeper missed him immediately, and in a few minutes arrived at the spot where he was arrested; but the lunatic clung to the pillars of a gate and refused to go back. However, with the assistance of the police, he was taken back again to the Asylum. This is his second time breaking out, and he has stated his determination of again attempting to make his way to his native place, Ballyragget.—*Ibid.*

Kilkenny has given only one or two miserable creatures to the soupers since their arrival in this city. One of them had reached such a state of Christian perfection, under his new teachers, that he was entrusted, a few days ago, with a pound note for the purpose of getting it changed for the Rev. Mrs. Firebrand; but we grieve to say that she is still waiting for the messenger and—*her change! Ibid.*

Limerick.

Sugar has fallen from 5s. to 6s. per cwt. within the last few days. Several of the grocers in this city have offered the public the benefit of the reduction. The tea market is also at a decline.—*Chronicle.*

Louth.

A very interesting inquiry was held in Dundalk recently, involving personal property to the amount of £20,000 and upwards. It appears that a Mr. Thomas Byrne, a native of Dundalk, left this country for America in early youth, and resided up to the time of his death in the city of Petersburgh, Virginia, where he carried on the trade of tobacconist, and where, unmarried and intestate, he died in 1851, possessed of property to that amount. The present investigation was to ascertain who are next of kin to the deceased to be found in Ireland. The investigation was held at the American Consulate, Mr. Arthur Johnstone, solicitor, Dundalk, supporting Mr. M'Court, plaintiff in the suit; and Mr. Seeds, of Belfast, with Mr. Charles M'Mahon, solicitor, Dundalk, on the part of Patrick Byrne, the alleged brother of deceased, defendant.—*Dundalk Examiner.*

The Louth Militia, led by its Lieutenant-Colonel, Sir John Robinson, Major Bellew, and the other officers of the regiment, marched lately into Dundalk to succeed the Third Dragoons, just left. The clean and soldierly bearing of every man, and the very fine music discoursed by their capital brass band, were subjects of conversation among all who witnessed their very *a la militaire entre.* If these men would only not abuse their intimate relation with us, by acting the civilian in the streets with the same becomingness in which they display the soldier on duty, there is not in existence a body of men, be their historic associations ever so glorious, we would choose before them to garrison our liberties.—*Ibid.*

Another steamboat, the Independence, a new and very pretty vessel, entered Dundalk harbor for the first time, having been just purchased by the new company for the extension of its Liverpool trade. A large number of the townspeople had collected at the New Quay to see her, and several pieces, including those of the rival company, gave her a grand salute. This makes the fourth steamer now daily engaged in the Liverpool and Dundalk trade.—*Ibid.*

Mayo.

Proceedings have been commenced against the Rev. Fathers Conway and Ryan, of Mayo, and most extraordinary proceedings they are. *Ex officio* informations have been filed against the rev. gentlemen, thus dispensing with the action of a grand jury and bringing ther cases to prosecution with an eager and most unbecoming haste. A similar step has not been taken in Ireland during the last thirty years. Had the grand jury refused to find bills, it would be perfectly open to the Crown to bring the case before a petty jury on *ex officio* indictments, and this is the use and design of such a power, but our Irish Attorney General has thought fit to push the grand jury out of his way altogether and set to his prosecution directly. This course does not show a great reliance on the strength of his case; we hope the further proceedings will not be characterized by similar stretches of authority.—*Nation.*

It is rather anomalous that whilst every description of breadstuffs are declining at each successive market in price, and the supply increasing in quantity, that the public only hear of these reductions, but do not experience any diminution in the price of their loaf, although they invariably do in the size thereof. We would suggest the prudence of both bakers and butchers consulting their own interests by yielding to the public demand for participation in the fall in the markets, which undoubtedly has taken place, and is likely to continue.—*Constitution.*

Queen's County.

A correspondent informs us that the Crowbar Brigade has been at work in Mountmellick. On Thursday, the 5th Nov., fifteen houses on the property of the Marquis of Drogheda were levelled, and it is expected that eleven more will be levelled. The victims already number about one hundred and thirty!—*Nation.*

Turnstead, whose wife was poisoned recently, and who was himself in such a dangerous condition from the effects of the drug administered to him by his brother, is now considered so far recovered as to be out of danger.

Sligo.

Extensive depots of materials, tools, &c., are now being formed on the line proposed between Sligo and Longford, for the construction of the railway. It is expected that a large number of men will be immediately employed on the line, and that the erection of a terminus will be commenced in Sligo early in the spring.

General Cavaignac was, we believe, like many others who have won military distinction in foreign countries, of Irish extraction, being descended from the ancient Irish family of the Kavanagh's.—*Independent.*

Tipperary.

At Fethard, Mr. Thomas Maher, shopkeeper, died suddenly, aged 75 years. The deceased, who lived next the police barracks, and who led a life of the strictest seclusion since the death of his sister about two years ago, not allowing any relative or friend to reside with him, nor permitting even a domestic servant to remain at night in his house, retired to bed at his usual hour the previous night, and slept until about half past twelve o'clock, when he awoke from the effects of an acute pain in his chest, with symptoms of suffocation. He then dressed himself, and feeling a presentiment that his

end was drawing near, became alarmed at the prospect of dying without one earthly being to solace or relieve him in his illness. He made several unavailing efforts to attract the attention of the police, by knocking at the wall; and though the noise was heard it was not for a moment conceived by them that it proceeded from the bedroom of the deceased. Failing to obtain assistance in that way he proceeded to the barrack door, first having locked up his own shop door, and on rapping was admitted by the orderly. He sat down on a form, complained of a pain, and requested to have his niece sent for. The police at once complied, and also apprised Dr. Burgess of the state of the unfortunate man. On the arrival of his niece she found him rapidly sinking, and in a few minutes he fell forward and instantly expired.

As a young girl, the daughter of a farmer, was seated on a car, and driving into the fair of Borrisokane, the horse, a spirited animal, took fright at the appearance of the Ormond hounds, which were leaving that town for the meet at Greyfort, and ran away at a furious pace. The poor girl was thrown from her seat against the road, and coming on her head, her neck was broken by the fall. She died almost immediately.

Although the government have rejected the services of our militia regiments, an additional recruiting party, consisting of two captains and staff, have arrived in Clonmel. They offer the inducement of £1 to each party who brings a recruit. Truly, the rank and file of our militia are not the black sheep.—*Clonmel Chronicle.*

Tyrone.

A Catholic clergyman was waylaid and severely beaten in the neighborhood of Dromore West, Tyrone, on the 5th November, by the Orangemen.

REV. DR. CAHILL

ON THE

EXTERMINATION OF THE IRISH SMALL FARMERS.

Within the last fortnight the usual announcement has been made in the newspapers of the eviction of twenty-four families in the county Dublin; and of fifteen families in the county Cavan! According to the average number of persons in Irish families, usually six individuals in each, we have thus thirty-nine families, or two hundred and thirty-four human beings, made homeless by law, and flung by constitutional cruelty into defenceless and pitiable destitution. These few victims of landlord caprice cannot, in this year of grace, awaken the slighest sympathy in the public mind. When *the millions* of the expelled Irish, during the ten years that are passed, did not excite the remorse or the mercy of the aristocracy; or move our Parliament to a protecting legislation in their regard, how can the contemptible number of two or three hundred Irish bodies and souls warm into active justice or charitable benevolence the commiseration of the rulers of Ireland? Similar national woes have been so often told since the year 1847 that the cries of the poor, houseless, exterminated Irish are now perfectly unheeded; they die in the crowded cellar, or they dwindle to the grave in the poorhouse prison, or they survive for some years the horrors of the emigrant ship, the hardship of labor in a foreign land, and the brokenheartedness of persecution; but their life and death in the eyes of the Legislature is of much less legal concern than the death of a fox or a snipe.

It is even unfashionable in genteel society to *allude* to cases of landlord eviction; you are met at once by quotations from the statements of cattle shows, the registry of agricultural statistics, the census of the Irish inferior animals; and the subject on hand—namely, the eviction of thousands of men, women, and children—is sought to be stifled under an enormous heap of turnips and mangold wurtzel which have been produced during the past year! Surely no man in his senses would attempt to justify the crime of murder because we have now in Ireland more bullocks than we had in the year of the Rebellion of '98; and decidedly no man, except a very monster, can defend the banishment of hundreds of human beings (with the rent in their hands), merely because the live stock and the green crops of the Irish aristocracy, *fat and grown on the evicted holdings of former expelled poor*, are flourishing in unexampled abundance. The crime of exterminating the poor receives even an additional impress of heinousness from this very abundance; and proves that the merciless owners of the soil of Ireland can, in times of their prosperity, and hence without necessity, unhouse, banish, and kill at their pleasure the Queen's subjects. I have never met an exterminator who, in conversation, can abstain, even *one minute*, from the grossest abuse of the clergy and the people; he not only banishes the poor from his own property, but he slanders their character, belies their feelings, preaches a crusade of extermination against them; and would if he could (one should think) unite all Irish landlords to combine for the utter annihilation of the small tenant class. And if any one, such as my humble self, stand forward in defence of this abandoned section of the Irish people, he is instantly denounced as a firebrand, an opponent of the social advancement of the country, and, what these sanguinary little tyrants consider the worst of all their malevolent abuse, he is called a Young Irelander!

I am far from asserting that all the landlords of Ireland belong to the cruel stamp of character glanced at in the last paragraph; I know Ireland too well to make such a statement; I am very familiar with the notions and the principles of the majority of landlords of each county in Ireland. But while I own, as a matter of notoriety, that some of the most influential men of this country are favorable to the just interests of the poor, and in their own persons have never evicted a tenant able to pay his rent, there is still withal a relentless proprietary who, having the power, never fail to crush their poor Catholic victims whenever local revenge, political ambition, family ill-grained hatred, or religious animosity must be gratified. The good man has the power to evict, but his name, his honor, his justice, are the security of the tenant; the persecuting landlord has the power also, and in a moment of wicked caprice, he will employ that power in the spirit of malice and vengeance. Surely, a law should in common justice be framed, not only to take away the *power to kill* from such a class of men as are described, but to prevent such men from robbing the evicted poor of the fruits of their labor, and capital expended on the soil, and added to the property of the landlord. After all that has been spoken and written on this subject, it is a waste of time to utter one word in reference to its further explication; it is sufficient that if only one man in Ireland were killed, and his family plundered by cruel men taking advantage of the imperfect state of the law, it ought to be an argument of sufficient moral cogency to alter its provisions in favor of justice and mercy, and in opposition to savage cruelty, and party vengeance.

There is no use in this place to introduce the parallel laws of England and Scotland; with both these references the writer of this letter is minutely acquainted. True, there are even *few leases* in these countries; and there is no tenant-right there recognized as such. But there are are no English Orangemen there; there are no Skibbereen bigots; there are are no tract bailiffs; there are no blue magistrates there. The English noblemen, the Scotch gentlemen, have tenants of their own creed and politics; there is no national animosity; no religious persecution amongst them; and hence the landlord in these kingdoms is the friend, the father of his tenantry. Whereas, in unhappy Ireland, from the peer to the scullion—from the Protestant bishop to the parish grave-digger—from the lady of the highest name to the Protestant stocking-maker—it is all one network of religious rancor, political hatred, covering the entire surface of Irish society, entering into all states and conditions, and emaciating, rotting and poisoning the whole framework of our social intercourse. Surely, there is no parallel in these cases; and while England and Scotland would be foolish to demand such a useless law, Ireland is mad to relax for one hour her legal efforts to wrench from the enemies of God and man this vital and essential act of just legislation. * * * *

But while we all in Great Britain and Ireland, of every creed and class, give our mite to the Indian sufferers, there is not even a sigh breathed for the Irish victims of Extermination; not a penny subscribed for the widows and orphans of the persecuted Irish. There are many Nena Sahibs in Ireland, who have banished wives as virtuous, virgins as spotless, and children as lovely as any of those victims murdered at Cawnpore. And if the polluted record of *ships' crews on the passage to America* can be believed (as I think they can), abominations as appalling, crimes as atrocious, and agonies as heartrending have been committed on the innocent spotless children of Ireland, while their maiden virtue was assaulted and robbed; their shrieks for assistance at dead of night rising from the hold of a foreign ship, heard in pity by the terrified passengers; their cries ultimately quenched by the barbarities of the brutal sailors, and silenced amid the blasphemies of their savage assilants. If all England raises a shout of horror against the Indian Monster, shall the Irish fiend be applauded? and if the "well" at Cawnpore shall be bathed in a Nation's tears, is there no grief for the ruined virgins of the Emigrant Brothels?

If Mr. Sharman Crawford, the indefatigable friend of Tenant Right, were consulted by some leading men in other parts of Ireland, and if a public opinion, gathered and expressed, were placed before Parliament, urged with moderation, and demanded as an act of National justice, the next Session for many reasons will be a suitable moment, under a given expected crisis, for obtaining for this country a measure of justice, as well as one of vital importance to the interests, the honor, and the further stability of the empire at large.

D. W. C.

THE RAISED SIEGE.

[From the Nation.]

Lucknow is relieved, the King of Delhi in chains, and Delhi in the undisputed possession of the English. There has been no fresh rising in the Bombay Presidency; and some Madras Sepoys have even crossed bayonets with Bengal. Scinde is quiet—so are Guzerat, the Centre and South of Bombay, and various other critical districts. Well, and is the insurrection quite stamped out? Not quite! Even the *Times*, raising its exulting pœan over this week's telegram, admits a good six months' work yet to do. We may safely multiply the number. Never were there such mortally expensive victories won in this world. Out of the force that stormed Delhi one full third bit the dust, with a particularly heavy proportion of officers. Havelock lost, on his march to Lucknow, twice as many men as he delivered. It is said, apparently with some truth, that the Sepoys have no Generals. But it cannot be denied that, possibly to balance the proportion of Head, they are giving a very good account of the British Generals. Neill and Nicholson, after Havelock the most hopeful officers extant, have gone after Barnard, and Lawrence, and Anson. Let us add to the list Read and Wilson resigned, Lloyd deposed, and Wheeler killed, and we have nine Generals disposed of to appease the *manes* of Mungul Pandy.

This is not all. The telegram always lies the most lying of bulletins; and the British public is by it only lifted to the stars one day to sink into the abyss the next. If the case stood simply as we have stated it, there would be cause enough for consternation in Leadenhall street. These wretched armies wearied and worn away with incessant fighting, surrounded by enemies, who, however defeated only returned with redoubled alacrity to the charge, might probably succumb before relief reached them, even if the Sepoys only stuck to skirmishes and sorties. But it would appear by the latest news that far from being dismayed by the capture of Delhi, the Bengal Army is only making more deadly and determined efforts. Nena Sahib is reported to be besieging Havelock in Lucknow with fifty thousand men. If this simple fact be true, and it is highly probable, the tide of war has terribly turned again. Havelock had taken with him every disposable soldier in the country bordering Oude, and in all they only amounted to two thousand five hundred men, of whom one-fifth had been killed on the march. We need not say he must have found the supplies of the little garrison almost exhausted, and he certainly did not carry supplies for a siege of his own force. He found the Residency undermined and on the point of being blown up. Under these circumstances, and with his principal lieutenant and best Artillery officers killed, he is invested by an overwhelming force, some of it fresh from the previous fighting of Delhi. Gen. Havelock is an able officer undoubtedly, but we apprehend the odds are rather against him here. And the effect, moral and military, of the destruction of himself and his force, and of the absolute occupation of Oude, from Lucknow to the Ganges, by an army with Nena Sahib at its head, is not to be calculated in these latitudes.

The only other remarkable item of intelligence is the fact that, we believe, will decidedly and definitely change the character of this movement, if that were even necessary, from a military into a popular war. All the city people who were caught in Delhi were bayoneted; and the immense city is now deserted and crammed with corpses. Since the sack of Jerusalem, there has been no such massacre as this. No cry for vengeance has been raised at home that has not been answered with hecatombs of slain there; but, so surely as vengeance is the Lord's, the page of that history will never close without even a more terrible retribution.

DR. CAHILL IN WEXFORD.

[From the Wexford Independent.]

The splendid lectures on India, delivered in this town, on behalf of the Mechanics' Institute, by the Very Rev. Dr. Cahill, terminated before a crowded assembly on Friday, the 6th Nov. The best commentary we can make is to state that the eloquent and learned gentleman fully sustained his wonted character. He was cheered to the echo throughout; and at the conclusion, the Right Worshipful John Cochlan, M. D., Mayor, stood forward to propose a vote of thanks to the Very Rev. Gentleman, and spoke as follows:

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—I have been called upon by the members of the Mechanics' Institute, to perform the pleasing task of proposing a vote of thanks to the Rev. Dr. Cahill, now that he has terminated the present course. The lectures that we have heard during the past fortnight, from the number of subjects lectured upon, were well calculated to exhibit those great versatile powers which the Rev. Gentleman possesses. His first subject was Astronomy—that noble science, the very magnitude of which alone gives to the human mind the most magnificent idea of the greatness of our Creator—and I need not say to you that it lost nothing of its sublimity in the hands of the learned lecturer. The next subject was Geology—a science equally beautiful as Astronomy, but after a different fashion. How beautiful, for example, to take the earth, of which some of our islands and continents are built up, when on examining it by the microscope, we find it almost entirely composed of millions upon millions of perfect sea shells, and the remains of insects too minute to be distinguished by the unaided eye. Different from Astronomy, the science of Geology is of recent date; but, though still in its infancy, the facts at present known are of great practical value. Formerly thousands of pounds were spent in search of coal and minerals in localities where our present knowledge of Geology would have told us that they did not exist. I was sorry that unavoidable occupation prevented my being present at Dr. Cahill's concluding lecture on this subject, but I was pleased to learn that he was most happy and perfectly successful in reconciling the facts of Geology with the Mosaic account of the creation. In the next and concluding part of the course, we had those highly instructive lectures on India, and it gives me great pleasure to think that our respected lecturer possesses undiminished those powers of eloquence and of generalizing which impressed me so strongly when, some years ago, I heard him lecture for the first time. I have great pleasure in proposing to you that we pass a vote of thanks by acclamation to the Rev. Dr. Cahill for the eloquent and highly instructive course of lectures which he has just concluded.

The resolution having been seconded by William White, Esq., was unanimously adopted; after which the Very Rev. Dr. Cahill responded.

IRISH MARRIAGES AND DEATHS.

MARRIAGES.

At St. Patrick's Church, Cork, by the Rev. John Browne, Eugene Connolly, Esq., to Rose, daughter of Thomas Walsh, Esq.

November 6, at Donnybrook Church, George, son of the late Charles Cox, Esq., of Lime-hill House, county Dublin, to Sophia Elizabeth, daughter of the late Capt. Samuel Webb.

November 4, at Benburb, county Tyrone, Frederick W. Doubleday, Esq., of Eden Cottage, Loughgall, to Lizzy Irwin, daughter of the late John Crothers, of Blackwatertown.

November 4, at Monkstown Church, John J. Greene, Esq., of Merrion, in the county Dublin, to Joanna Louisa, daughter of the late Henry James, Fountney, Esq.

At Tulla, county Cork, James Wm. Ivey, Esq., of Skibbereen, to Frances Maria, daughter of the late John Jephson, Esq.

November 9, at the Church of St. Andrew, Westland row, Dublin, Joseph, son of Mr. Richard James, Britain street, to Ellen, daughter of Mr. Wm. Kenny, Herbert street.

November 5, at Rathcourcy Cottage, (the residence of Cornelius O'Brien, Esq.,) late of Kilcorner, Denis O'Brien, Esq., of Ballinahina, to Elizabeth, daughter of the late Thomas O'Brien, Esq., of Dublin.

At Meelick, Thomas Ringrose, Esq., of Mount Prospect, county Clare, to Margaret, daughter of Richard Ryan, Esq., of Lower Meelick, in the same county.

At Ballinalea Church, Alexander Henry, son of Wm. Henry Slator, of Whitehill, county Longford, to Maria Jane, daughter of Daniel Nolan, of Mountjoy street, Dublin.

DEATHS.

November 10, at Upper Temple street, Dublin, Catherine, relict of Gerald Aylmer, Esq.

At Prison Balla, county Mayo, Martin Barrett, Esq., aged 43 years

November 7, at 29 Harcourt street, Dublin, Lieutenant Saumarez, son of the late Saumarez Du Bourdieu, Esq., of Carrigena, county Longford.

At Hammersmith, George Brennan, Esq., late of Old Merrion, county Dublin.

At Dunboyne, county Meath, Henry, son of Edmund O'Brien Butler, Esq.

November 5, at Ballyard, county Kerry, Mrs. Edye, wife of Captain Edye, R. N.

In Leamington street, London, aged 47 years, William Cole Falkiner, younger son of the late Captain Falkiner, late of the 18th Regt. of Light Dragoons, and brother of the late H. Falkiner, of Castletown, county Carlow, D. L.

At Templeville, county Dublin, Elizabeth Fenton, spinster, aged 70 years.

November 10, at South Mall, Cork, Edward Fitzgerald, Esq., solicitor, in his 38th year.

November 7, at Castleroe, county Kildare, James Walter Fitzgerald, Esq., late of Nurney Castle, at the advanced age of 86 years.

November 6, at Killglass, county Kildare, Harriett Amelia Fox, daughter of the late James Fox, Esq., Galtrim House, county Meath.

On the 6th ult., at Sandford terrace, Ranelagh, John Langford.

November 8, at 50 Middle Abbey street, Dublin, Mr. William Lawler, aged 97 years.

November 5, at Belfast, Eliza, wife of Henry Loughran, Esq., aged 43 years.

November 8, in Dublin, Jane, wife of John Maguire, compositor.

At the South Circular road, Dublin, Priscilla, wife of Dominick Marquess, Esq.

On the 10th ult., in Dublin, Mary, daughter of John Thomas O'Dwyer, late of Annegrove, in the county Tipperary.

At Naples, Myles John O'Reilly, Esq., of the Heath House, Queen's County.

November 4, at Drumcondra, Hillgrove Robinson, Esq., son of the late George Robinson, formerly of Clonmel.

November 9, at 9 Burgh quay, Dublin, Mr. Thomas Smith, sen.

At Townsend street, Rosceas, aged 70, Lieutenant Edward Smith, late of the 58th Regiment.

On the 5th ult., at Holywood, William K. Taggart, Esq., son of the late Alexander Taggart, Esq., of Knocknagoney, county Down.

FOREIGN MISCELLANY.

ZARAGOZA AND ITS INHABITANTS.—Few Spanish cities are more interesting than Zaragoza. The people are hardy and independent, and still show with pride the Church of the Martyrs, where their gallant brethren fell in the war of Independence, the ruined houses and churches, and gates, still pierced with balls, though most of the traces of the memorable siege have passed away, and new houses generally occupy the site of those destroyed by the French cannon. There is a deep feeling of religion amongst the people, and, in spite of revolutions, the jewels and ornaments of the principal churches have as yet escaped the sacrilegious hands of the despoiler. On one occasion, when it was proposed by a revolutionary general that some of the silver plate used in the service of the celebrated church of the *Virgen del Pilar* should be melted down to procure money for the troops, the people rose *en masse*, and fiercely defended the entrance of the church. The magnificence of the cathedral nothing can surpass; with its five splendid aisles of sculptured marble, the magnificent statues, the garlands of flowers, and draperies that look like the finest lacework, all hewn out of that hard material, speaking of those ages when a great artist thought his whole life-time well spent when it was devoted to the adornment of one single arch in a temple dedicated to the service of God. One of the *Canonigos*, Senor Caldareras, kindly showed us the magnificent vestments covered with rich pearls, the chalices enriched with sapphires and diamonds—all that is most rich and splendid employed, according to the genius of Catholicism, in the service of God—the gifts glorifying the giver. And thus these marvellous creations of faith have stood for ages, through storm and tempest, through revolutions and changes of dynasty, like the rock upon which the Church itself is built. On returning from Zaragoza, and passing through these beautiful provinces, the vines actually overloaded with their purple grapes, fields of olives covered with their fruit, lofty mountains clothed to their summits with trees and verdure, one is struck with the riches which have been poured out in profusion upon this country. It is only on approaching Madrid that the land becomes sterile, and the villages scattered and miserable. Spain, however, requires nothing but tranquility and a Government sufficiently durable to be able to execute the plans which it proposes—railroads in operation—so that the varied productions of her provinces may be transported from one end of the kingdom to the other, and that she may lose the reproach of being the only civilized country in the world where the means of travelling are in as backward a state as they were half a century ago, and the prices so exorbitant that few can travel but from positive necessity.—*Correspondent of the Dublin Tablet.*

THE ERUPTION OF MOUNT VESUVIUS.—For the last two months Mount Vesuvius has scarcely ceased, more or less, from vomiting dense volumes of smoke and clouds of ashes by day, and huge perpendicular columns of fire by night, of an unwonted redness and intense glow, reaching to an immense altitude, and rolling wave after wave languidly down its sides in several liquid streams of lava. Between the 13th and 14th of November it gradually subsided and became apparently in a quiescent state, with the exception of an occasional shock of earthquake, which is considered by the natives an evil omen, portending some heavy calamity. And on the night of Tuesday, the 20th, this mysterious phenomenon again asserted its rule over this city, by hurling into the air, with appalling fury, an immense fragment of irregular-shaped rock, or solid mass of fire, which, bursting at a tremendous height, descended in showers of glowing stones and embers, resembling the explosion of ten thousand of rockets, killing in their descent three guides who accompanied the Prince de Joinville on an excursion to Vesuvius, and it is reported the Prince narrowly escaped with his life. The inhabitants of Resina, a village standing on the site of the ancient Herculaneum, have been so alarmed at the shocks of earthquake felt previous to this eruption, that many have fled from their houses.

THE HEART OF NAPOLEON.—The following curious circumstances actually occurred: When the body of Napoleon was opened at St. Helena, his heart was taken out, and, preparatory to its final destination, put in a basin of spirits and water, and left for the night on a table in the bed-room of the medical man who had charge of the matter. In the course of the night, the doctor was awakened from a light slumber by a heavy splash from the basin, and starting up alarmed, he rested on his elbow, and by the light of a taper looked eagerly round the apartment before he should spring from bed. Not the shadow of an intruder was to be seen. What had moved the basin? Had that mighty heart, scorning to be quelled even by death, regained some of its terrible energies? Was it still leaping with life? Ah! catching the appearance of something moving in the corner of the room, he saw the heart of Bonaparte going into a hole in the wall; and, jumping from bed, was just in time to seize and rescue it from the teeth of a rat.

LISBON.—The yellow fever still rages here. Shops and manufactories continue to be closed, and business is stagnant. Opinion continues to be divided as to what the precise nature of the disease is. The King continues at Lisbon. On visiting the Fever Hospital his Majesty contributed £7,000 sterling towards the relief of the widows and orphans of those who have died of the fever.

EXECUTION OF CHARLOTTE CORDAY.—She was led to punishment in the red shirt, then the usual dress of assassins. It was seven in the evening. Dense clouds veiled the sky and presaged a storm, which soon burst forth. The people followed the mournful cart in silence, while Charlotte looked calmly round on the surrounding objects. At the foot of the scaffold a slight pallor, immediately followed by more vivid coloring, suffused her lovely face. When the executioner proceeded to remove a portion of her garments, her features expressed a feeling of offended modesty, which reminds us of that sublime expression of Madame Elizabeth at the moment when the executioner tore off the handkerchief which covered her bosom: "In the name of your mother, sir, cover me!" After the execution, one of the assistants, having seized the head to display it to the people, had the infamy to strike it on the cheek—an abominable act of cowardice, which was greeted by an intense and almost universal groan. The head was then pale, but exquisitely beautiful. When held up a second time, the face had become, or was fancied to have become, suffused with a bright tinge, as if the indignation at the outrage had survived the punishment. The miserable fellow who had insulted death was cast into prison and publicly branded.

TALL SOLDIERS.—The absurdity of the present system of selecting soldiers by height, and making a regiment consist of so many feet of human nature—long measure—cannot be too forcibly condemned. The physical qualifications of a good soldier do not alone consist in the length of leg, by which height is principally made up. These tremendous fellows who "dazzle the eyes and bewilder the brain" of aspiring housemaids, and who look like the evening shadows of somebody else, are not always proportionally endowed with strength. One of the greatest feats of modern warfare was accomplished by that troop of sturdy mannikins known as the Chasseurs de Vincennes. How they swarmed like bees up apparently inaccessible heights, and fought like heroes at the summit, is a well-remembered incident in the Crimean campaign. The exercise of bravery, the physical working out of personal courage, requires certain corporeal endowments which only philosophical knowledge can accurately guage. Yet this is set aside, and the soldier is measured by a standard about as reasonable and inexorable as the bed employed by Procrustes to insure uniformity amongst his guests.—*Lancet.*

A FRENCH ROBBER.—A curious circumstance took place recently near Paris. A nobleman, driving with his family from his chateau, had alighted to walk, while the carriage went on. Suddenly a man attacked him, pistol in hand, with the usual polite invitation to yield up his "tin" under pain of extermination, to which our Count agreed, surrendering his effects with as good a grace as possible. The robber thereupon demanded his elegant paletot, considerately offering his own tattered garment in exchange; even this unreasonable barter was agreed to. Salutes were exchanged, and the count made the best of his way to his carriage, much to the amazement of his lady. Shortly after, on putting his hand into one of his coat pockets, he was agreeably astonished to find his own gold watch, and in the others all the articles he had given up, besides a gold snuff-box and other valuables, which had evidently been stolen from some other victim. The robber had forgotten the contents of his pockets when he exchanged his old garments for the Count's splendid paletot!

A NEW "QUESTION."—Telegraphic despatches are now appearing in the papers, headed "The Holstein Question." This question is easily understood, and for our countrymen it must possess peculiar interest. The Duchies of Holstein and Lanenburg are self-governed, having their own laws and legislatures, but they are nominally subject to the Danish Crown. In this state of affairs they have thriven, and are doing well, but Denmark is becoming dissatisfied with this "golden link" connection, and desires to perpetrate an "union." Well knowing that the consequences would be slavery, poverty, and degradation, the Duchies have taken up an attitude of resistance, and appealed to the German Diet, with which body they are also connected, the people and the soil being in fact German, and not Danish. The Diet have taken up the quarrel for the little Duchies, and will undoubtedly preserve their independence.—*Nation.*

CURIOUS FACT IN NATURAL HISTORY.—His Grace the Duke of Hamilton, writes the *Hamilton Advertiser*, is at present opening a pit at Auchinheath that has been closed up for the last sixty years. It has been covered over where the pit was these last twenty years. The workmen, on coming to the old workings, were surprised to see a number of light-colored mice running about in the old workings. The query is, how they have obtained food for the last sixty years, and even allowing them to have lived off the growth of the old trees, how did they obtain air, as the pit had no communication with any open shank whatever.

KURDISH FANATICISM.—Accounts from Asia speak of the outrages committed by the Kurds on the Christians. The Kurds were about to erect a mosque at Godjak, when one of the chiefs persuaded the people that they could not place the building under better auspices than by burying the heads of two Christian priests under the foundations. On this a body of the Kurds attacked a Christian village, and seizing on two priests, cut off their heads for the above purpose! The Porte has already ordered the most severe measures of repression to be adopted against these savage fanatics.

DAGUERROTYPES BY LIGHTNING.—A countrywoman has recently arrived in Paris from the Department of Seine-et-Marne, who should be presented to the Academy of Sciences. This woman was, a short time since, watching a cow in an open field, when a violent storm arose. She took refuge under a tree, which, at the instant, was struck by lightning; the cow was killed, and she was felled to the earth senseless, where she was soon after found, the storm having ceased with the flash which felled her. Upon removing her clothing, the exact image of the cow killed by her side was found distinctly impressed upon her bosom. This curious phenomenon is not without precedent. Dr. Franklin mentions the case of a man who was standing in the door of a house in a thunder storm, and who was looking at a tree directly before him, when it was struck by lightning. On the man's breast was left a perfect daguerreotype of the tree.

A NEW CANNON.—The *Journal de Geneve* gives an account of an experiment made recently of a mechanical cannon, which loads itself and fires twenty shots a minute. The inventor thinks that he will be able to arrive at thirty. The balls crossed the Rhone, without the gun, which was mounted on a plateau, making no recoil worth speaking of. The cannon is the invention of M. Ravel, a manufacturer of musical instruments; and among the persons present at the experiments was an old general of the empire, who proposes to send a report of the affair to the French Artillery Committee, as well as several other officers, engineers, &c., who were all astonished at what they saw, and warmly congratulated the inventor on his success.

MODEL ENGLAND!—At an inquest in Lincoln, upon a servant girl, aged sixteen, coming to be sworn, the coroner asked if she knew what an oath was, to which she answered, "No." Coroner—"Do you ever go to church?" Answer—"No." "Do you ever go to chapel?" "No." "Do you know what the Bible is?" "No." "Do you know that there is a future state?" "No." Her master, a "respectable tradesman," told the coroner he went to church. "And your servant—why does she not go?" "She may go if she likes; I have nothing to do with it."

THE LATE MR. MACKAY.—The Edinburgh papers record the death of Mr. Mackay, the Scottish actor, whose celebrated personification of Bailie Nicol Jarvie obtained the warm approval of Sir Walter Scott. A Scotch paper says of him: "The histrionic talents of Mr. Mackay were unsullied by any unworthy adjuncts. His reputation as an actor was well sustained by his character as a man, and secured for him the affection and esteem of a very extensive circle. He has left two sons, one of whom has adopted his father's profession."

DIVORCE IN BELGIUM.—The following instances of the operation of the divorce laws in Belgium is worthy of notice: An individual, named Vervaet, who had been preceptor in the families of Baron Bloemaert and Count Honore Liedekerke, was condemned to 25 years' hard labor for burglariously robbing the latter of 100,000 francs. His wife, belonging to a respectable family, sued for divorce on the ground of his conviction for felony. This being accordant with the civil code, judgment has been pronounced in her favor.

BALFE'S NEW OPERA.—All the London journals speak in the highest terms of this new work of our talented countryman. The *Times*, at the commencement of a long favorable criticism, says: "'The Rose of Castille' has been performed three times in succession and has been unanimously favorable. On Saturday night the enthusiasm was as great as on the evening of the first representation. Success in this instance has been fairly earned."

THE ARTIST'S GLOVES.—At the concert lately given at the Court at Vienna, in honor of Lizst, the great artiste having left his glove on the piano, there was an instanteneous rush to the instrument to obtain possession of the relic. The struggle among the ladies was tremendous, and in the *buzurre* the glove was torn to pieces, but each lady proclaimed herself delighted with the small remnant which fell to her share.

ALGERIA AND SARDINIA CONNECTED.—The communication by submarine cable between Spartivento (Sardinia) and Bona, in Algeria, has at length been established. Messrs. Newall & Co., the contractors, are now about to lay the cables between Cagliari and Malta, and between Malta and Corfu.

The Archbishop of Paris (says the *Gazette de France*) is remarkable for his charity; but, although he can always find money when the necessities of the poor are in question, yet, when his valet represents to him that parts of his wardrobe require replenishing, he makes an excuse that the poor require assistance, and that it will be better to wait until bread becomes cheaper. A few days since the valet, despairing of ever persuading his master that some new shirts were absolutely necessary for him, adopted an ingenious scheme to effect the purpose. He informed the Archbishop that a poor gentleman was in such distress that he could not purchase linen to make the respectable appearance he was required to do, and the Archbishop immediately gave him money for the purpose. On dressing some days after, the Archbishop said that the shirt given him by his valet was a new one and he asked where it had come from. The servant replied that it had been purchased with the money the Archbishop had given him, for that the poor gentleman of whom he had spoken was his eminence himself.

The Pope's private income does not exceed more than £1,000 a year.

The interesting operation of transfusing blood from one person to another has been again successfully performed in Staffordshire. The patient was a Mrs. Brenton, of Cannock, and the operator Mr. J. Wheatcroft, surgeon of that place, assisted by Mr. J. Blackford and Mr. James Wheatcroft. The patient seemed to be expiring from loss of blood, when two pounds were transfused into her veins from those of her husband with the happiest results. In a few minutes after the operation was performed the current of blood began to flow, "the ebbing of life was checked," and the circulation being re-established, deliverance from death, which seemed to be near, was secured. The trial of this operation is suggested by Mr. Wheatcroft in the last stage of low typhus and the collapse of Asiatic cholera, if all other means should fail.

The *Wanderer*, a journal of Vienna, states, on the authority of a letter from St. Petersburgh, that four Mongol tribes, hitherto subjects of China, have recognized the sovereignty of Russia, which has granted them an exemption from taxation for several years. In order to prevent the displeasure which China may feel at this act, the Russians are establishing a line of fortresses along the Chinese frontier. Colonies are also being founded, and the new tribes are being converted into a well organized frontier militia.

When the famous Colbert was Minister of Finance in France in 1661, it was estimated that the metallic currency of the country amounted to 600 millions of francs; in 1708 it was estimated at 800; in 1754 at 1,600; in the time of Necker at 2,000; in 1806 at 2,300; in 1828 at 2,713; in 1852 at 2,575; and at the present time it is supposed to exceed 6,000. There is in France a greater amount of metallic currency than in England, Russia and Germany, including Austria, and four times as much as is in circulation in the United States.

Some faint idea of the bulk of the English records may be obtained by adverting to the fact that a single statute, the Land Tax Commissioners' Act, passed in the first year of the reign of George IV., measures, when unrolled, upwards of 900 feet, or nearly twice the length of St. Paul's Cathedral within the doors; and if ever it should become necessary to consult the fearful volume, an able-bodied man must be employed during three hours in coiling and uncoiling its monstrous folds!

The papers announce that M. Mon's negotiations with the Holy See have resulted in the sanction by the Pope of the sales of Ecclesiastical property in 1855-'6. A treaty has been agreed on for the continuation of such sales on payment of an indemnity to the clergy, seventeen holidays in the course of the year are to be suppressed, and the Spanish Bishops are to have powers to grant dispensations for marriages up to the third degree.—*Dublin Tablet.*

An Italian was arrested recently in the foyer of the Paris Italian Opera for wilfully damaging the burst of the Emperor which is placed there. He used very strong language, and said that Salvini (the tragedian) had a better right to such an honor, "as he was a much better actor." It appears certain that the Italian, who is described as a prince, is of deranged intellect.

Within the last hundred years, the Catholic population of Belfast has advanced from 1,500 to 50,000. The Catholic workmen of the town are about building a hall to meet in, which, it is contemplated, will be the finest building in Ulster.

Mr. Precht, a shipbroker of Hamburg, who is said to have possessed property in ships and houses to the amount of several hundred thousands of marks, committed suicide when he heard of the loss of the steamer Comet, in which he held a fourth share.

Curran, when opposed to Lord Clare, said that he reminded him of a chimney sweep, who had raised himself by dark and dusky ways, and then called aloud to his neighbors to witness his dirty elevation.

In a case at Perth, before the Earl of Mansfield and other justices, it has been decided that persons coming to church, from whatever distance, were not *bona fide* travellers.

At the Manchester County Court, lately, the judge asked a woman—"Who wrote this bill?" Her answer was—"My husband's sister's master—none of us could write."

Flax appears to be going out of cultivation in Scotland. There were 2,723 acres under crop in 1856, and only 1,543 acres this year. Thirteen counties have not grown it at all.

The Kaffirs of the Cape of Good Hope frontier are dying by hundreds from starvation. Several thousands had entered the commons, where they were fed and clad by the authorities.

The London Correspondent of the *Dublin Evening Mail* sets down absenteeism as one of the principal causes of the murder of Mr. Ellis, and the other evils which afflict the country.

Austria has joined Prussia in the step of placing the Holstein question before the Diet. This circumstance greatly increases the serious character of that question.

The *Journal des Debats* denies the report that France and Russia have abandoned the project of a political union of the Principalities.

According to the *Pesth Lloyd* there have been no fewer than 105 bankruptcies in Vienna during the last two months.

Mr. Russel, the *Times* correspondent, goes out to India to report for that journal.

There are no less than thirty-three Mormon meeting houses in London and its suburbs.

HOME MISCELLANY.

Anecdote of General Jackson.—The Mobile *Mercury* relates the following anecdote, which we do not remember to have read before: "In one of the Indian campaigns, which is not recollected, or material to our story, while the army was on the march, still in Tennessee on its way to the scene of war, in Alabama, a drafted company was expected daily to overtake the main body of troops. The company at length reached the rear of the train. Information of their approach was immediately carried to the front, where Jackson was at the time. As the messenger passed from rear to front, the fact that his company had come without arms, having left their guns at home, was made known along the whole line. It was known to the whole army before it reached Jackson's ears. Curiosity was on tip-toe to know how the irascible commander would act under such circumstances. A storm was anticipated. Soon the General was observed making his way rapidly to the rear, and to the surprise of all parties, in rather a smiling humor. Finally he met the company. He saluted them. They looked for a volley of curses and immediate dismission home—the very thing they desired. Not so, however. Old Hickory pulled off his hat, and with his politest and lowest bow, he expressed his gratification at their arrival, and espscially at the fact that they had no guns—the very men that he wanted, just as he desired them—without arms. Forming them for rapid motion, and at double quick step, under his own lead, they marched on until a baggage wagon was reached, then halted, and each man was furnished with an axe. Forward—march, again was the word. As they passed along the line of march, the General's object was seen, and laughter, loud and uproarious, with many a hearty cheer, saluted them as they made their way to the front. There these axemen were initiated into their campaign duties. They cleared the roads, they bridged the creeks, or carried the wagons, piece by piece, the baggage, ammunition, &c., over on their backs when the bridges were impassable. They were ever in a post of danger, bearing the burdens of the campaign, sharing none of its honors—and the laughing stock of the whole regiment.

A Lively Corpse.—A Quaker lady, residing in Philadelphia, was recently visited by a little girl who said her father was very sick and was not expected to live, and that she and the rest of a large family were in a state of destitution. The kind-hearted Quakeress gave her $8, and the little girl, with tears of thankfulness, murmured her gratitude and departed. A few days after, she returned with a countenance more wan and sorrow-stricken than before, to tell her benefactress that her father was dead; all the money which she had received had been expended for a coffin and shroud, and she had nothing left to defray the further expenses of her father's funeral. The generous lady gave her $10, and went among her friends and collected $8 more for her, and then went with her to her wretched abode, where she found the family wringing their hands and uttering loud lamentations over the body of a man which lay in a coffin placed on two chairs in the centre of the room. the lady who was unused to such scenes of woe, and was greatly affected by what she saw, hurriedly drew forth her purse, and gave a portion of its contents to the little girl, with a promise of future assistance, and hastily left the room. When she reached the foot of the crazy stairs, which she had ascended to the squalid apartment above, she discovered that she had forgotten her purse. She went up again immediately, and as noiselessly as possible, that she might not disturb the sacred grief of the sorrow-stricken family. What was her surprise and horror on entering the room, to perceive the corpse sitting upright in its shroud, eagerly counting the gold which she had left behind her, and announcing the result in tones which sounded more like those of robust health than the sepulchral accents of an inmate of the tomb. She contemplated for a moment this phase of humanity, and then departed as noiselessly as she had returned.

The Florida Indians.—The *National Intelligencer* publishes the following extract from a letter written by a volunteer officer in Florida: "I have been with my company in the country between lake Okeechobee and the Atlantic Ocean. It is, however, all now deluged, and boats, not horsemen, are wanted to traverse it. In about twenty years more, when the government shall have sent to these wastes about 10,000 infantry and boats of light draught, capable of transporting three or four men each, and so light as to be easily carried by the men over every space where the water is not sufficiently deep to float the boats, and shall have upon the line of frontier all the horsemen now in service, or more, and shall operate vigorously in a winter campaign, then there may be some hope of ridding this country of the Indians, but not till then. This portion of country possesses the advantages of the most mild and balmy climate in winter known anywhere upon the continent. Tropical fruits are here growing finely, and the fish and oysters of the winter cannot be surpassed in any of the waters of America. But this is all. Cut off from all the rest of the world by a dangerous coast and bad bar, with no inland communication. There is but little hope that this portion will ever be worth much."

An Editress Turned Actress.—Mrs. L. Virginia Smith, a Mississippi lady, and formerly editress of the *Southern Lady's Book*, at New Orleans, is "playing" in Memphis, says an exchange paper.

An Extensive Farmer.—A correspondent of the Silver Creek *Mirror* says that Colonel Jacob Carroll, of Texas, is the largest farmer in the United States. He owns 250,000 acres of land. His home plantation contains about 8,000 acres, nearly all valuable bottom lands, along the Guadalupe River. On this farm he has over 600 acres in cultivation, on which he raises annually about 300 bales of cotton, worth at the plantation from $75 to $100 per bale, and 20,000 bushels of corn worth about $1 50 per bushel. He has a force of about fifty field hands, and he works about sixty mules and horses, and fifteen yoke of oxen. Colonel Carrol has, on his immense range of pasture lands, about one thousand horses and mules, worth $50,000; one thousand head of cattle, worth $7,000; six hundred hogs, worth $2,000; three hundred Spanish mares, worth $15,000; fifty jennies, worth $2,000; fifteen jacks, worth $9,000. Col. Carrol's property, in stock and negroes, is worth at least $150,000; and the value of his landed estate will swell the amount to over half a million dollars. His annual income from the sale of stock amounts to from $5,000 to $10,000; and from the sale of cotton, to from $15,000 to $20,000.

St. Patrick's Cathedral, Hartford.—This handsome church will seat 2,700 persons, and cost $40,000, a very large share of which was collected by the Rev. Mr. Brady, the former well-remembered and energetic priest here, in quarter-dollar dues and contributions from the poor Irish laborers and servant girls of Hartford. The congregation numbers five thousand, and doubtless, in proportion to its means, this body of Christians is far the most generously charitable of any in this first of charitable cities; but its charity comes in small sums, and is never heard of. Who finds a paragraph in the paper commemorating a silver quarter that is put into the contribution box? It does none the less good, however; and one of the very few noble charities commemorated by a paragraph in that widely-diffused work, the Bible, was a charity of two mites. There are in Hartford in all twenty-one churches, that is, including the Jewish synagogue. They will seat about eighteen thousand people—so that two or three thousand must stay at home every Sunday.—*Life Illustrated.*

Hens and Eggs.—For several years past I have spent a few weeks of the latter part of August on the Kennebec River in Maine. The lady with whom I have stopped is a highly accomplished and intelligent housewife. She supports a "hennery," and from her I derived my information in this matter. She told me that for many years she had been in the habit of administering to her hens with their common food, at the rate of a teaspoonful of cayenne pepper each alternate day to a dozen fowls. Last season when I was with her, each morning she had brought in from twelve to fourteen eggs, having but sixteen hens in all. She again and again experimented in the matter, by omitting to feed with the cayenne for two or three days. The consequence invariably was, that her product of eggs fell off to five or six per day. The same effect of using the cayenne is produced in winter as well as in summer.—*Boston Transcript.*

The Painted Glass Windows from Munich!—The third and last window of this splendid series is now up in the Buffalo Cathedral—it represents the "Resurrection of our Lord." In Munich—the Athens of Europe—it is supposed to surpass the two others, though the middle one obtained there, some years ago, the premium of excellence. The figures are as large as life: the first window represents the Birth; the second the Crucifixion; the third, the Resurrection of the Saviour. So that an abridgment of His sacred life seems to live before the touched, penetrated, enraptured eye of the spectator. Buffalo may well be proud of such a cathedral, and of such ornaments of the fine arts as those windows, which certainly are, at least, equal to anything even in Europe. —*Sentinel.*

Old Ironsides.—Commodore Stewart resides at White Hill, adjoining Bordentown, New Jersey. He lives upon a farm of two hundred and fifty acres, in a plain country cottage, free from ostentation, the dwelling being on an elevated summit upon the left bank of the Delaware, which here make a sweeping curve. A river island, well cultivated, is in front, and the scenery, including a view of Bordentown, is rich and beautiful. The distinguished Commodore, who has been associated with the navy for sixty years, is now 85 years of age, and more active and vivacious than hundreds of men at 50. It may not be generally remembered that Com. Stewart was commander of the Frigate Constitution, when she captured the Cyane and Levant, men-of-war, during the contest of 1812.

The Late Flood.—The Bath *Advocate* gives an account of the destruction of the flood in that section. It says: "The Cohocton river flooded the whole valley east of Bath, carrying off all the railroad and highway bridges, a number of barns, and other outbuildings, hay, grain, and fences; at Painted Post it overflowed its banks and filled the cellars and the first stories of the dwelling houses and stores with water, to from 2 to 4 feet deep, damaging property beyond calculation. The disastrous flood is unprecedented in the memory of the oldest inhabitant."

A Singular Provision.—The Natchez *Courier* notices the fact that, by the new code of Mississippi, the Assessor, though no money passes through his hands, is required to give bond in nearly double the amount of the Tax Collector.

A Rare Songster.—A few days since Mrs. "E. M.," of Brooklyn, was surprised by a sound behind the meat safe, like the singing of a bird. On searching for the cause, she discovered that the songster was a *rat*, which ran away on being disturbed, as its auditors (several rats behind the ceiling) also retreated in much haste. Since then the songster rat has returned several times, and sings two or three times in the twenty-four hours, with the exception of Thursday, on which day the songster was absent all day and evening. Yesterday and to-day it has made its appearance. This rat imitates the singing of the canary bird and the cooing of the doves. We place food at the place the songster frequents, and as we do not keep a cat, there is reason to expect this rat will again repeat its songs.—*N. Y. Journal of Commerce.*

Singular Obstruction.—The Elmira *Gazette* tells of the singular obstruction of telegraph communication near that place as follows: "An immediate search was made for the obstruction which was found at a place where the main and auxiliary lines ran parallel for a few rods, and a distance of above six inches apart. At this spot the spiders had woven their webs from one wire to the other, and the constant dropping of the water from the dews and the fogs through the different threads of the webs to the line below formed a complete circuit for the electricity, rendering the efforts of the operator to communicate powerless. The tiny threads of the spiders were removed, and the line spread farther apart, since which time the operators on the line have been uninterrupted."

Strange Meeting.—A few days since, says the Paterson *Guardian*, two comrades met in this city. They had been brought up in the same neighborhood; both enlisted in the British army, went to the Crimea, took part in the actions at Inkermann, the Quarries, the assault in the Redan, and escaped unhurt. Returning home their regiments were next ordered to India. Thinking they had got "glory enough for one day," both concluded to turn their coats, and exchanged the Queen's uniform for a civilian's suit one dark night. Neither new aught of the other's course till two days ago, when they met in this city. One is still here, and the other has gone into the country in search of employment.

What it Costs to Visit Europe.—A very sensible correspondent of the Boston *Post* thus gives his experience on the above question: "During my last visit to Europe I visited England, France, Belgium, Holland, Germany, Switzerland, northern Italy, and Sardinia, and was gone from home about one hundred days. When I have been asked what it cost me, I have sometimes asked my questioner to 'guess' the amount. The sum named has been usually two thousand, or two thousand five hundred dollars. It was about *one-fifth* the latter sum; to wit, *five hundred*, and the very same scenes can be visited *now* for *one-half that sum*, and travel respectably."

Central Park.—In spite of the cold weather over 800 persons were at work upon the Central Park on Wednesday last. The Italians, of whom a goodly number are employed, were the first to succumb to the cold. They are good laborers, but not used to such a climate as ours. Men are employed now mainly in breaking stone to be used in macadamizing. The ground has also been prepared for a nursery near Seventy-first street.

Scarcity of Laborers.—The Utica, N. Y., *Observer* says at Genesee the buckwheat crop is still unharvested, owing to a scarcity of help, and that the probability is that the crop will remain unharvested. At New Michigan the same state of things exists. That is really too bad, when there are so many out of employment in different parts of the north-eastern States.

Narrow Escape from a Panther.—A citizen of Thomas County was riding near Barnett's Creek recently, when he heard something like a cry of distress in the swamp. He replied to it repeatedly, and it approached rapidly towards him. Judge of his surprise when he saw a large panther creep from the low bushes that skirted the swamp. The beast saw him and made at him, but being well mounted he made his escape.—*Wire Grass Reporter.*

Treaty with Switzerland.—Mr. Buchanan was lately waited on by a number of Israelites, and, it is stated, he requested Captain Jonas P. Levy to furnish him with the localities in Switzerland where American citizens of the Jewish persuasion had been deprived of their religious privileges, as he had the documents all ready for transmission to remedy the evil.

An Old Prisoner.—Joel Schoonhoven, one hundred years of age, was recently discharged from the Sing Sing State Prison, New York, having been pardoned by the Governor. He was committed for life for arson. He reached the age of a century in prison, on the 4th of July last. He saw Washington at Newburgh, N. Y., during the revolutionary war.

Threatened Dismissal.—It is said that the President is of opinion that Walker's expedition was allowed to make its escape through the collusion of some of the officials at New Orleans. If the fact shall be established upon the inquiry now ordered, every participant in the matter is to be removed.—*Baltimore Sun.*

A Venerable Household.—In Deerfield, there is in one house in that town, the residence of thirteen persons, whose respective ages are as follow:—96, 86, 82, 79, 76, 74, 69, 62, 62, 62, 61, 59, 52. Aggregate, 920; average, 71 years. Can so old a family be found elsewhere in our country?

A Cunning Dame.—A lady recently advertised in a Hampshire paper for a husband. She stated her fortune to be a house letting for $225 per annum, and $1,250 out at interest. Further particulars to be forwarded on receipt of a gold ring of a certain size!

Police Statistics.—The total number of arrests made in the city of New Orleans, during the month of October, was 1,652. Of this number there were 353 females.

Brigham Young has virtually declared war against the Government of the United States. The War Department has received, among other important official despatches from Utah, a proclamation from him, declaring martial law in the Territory. He claims the right so to act by virtue of his authority as Governor and Superintendent of Indian affairs, and under the Territorial organic law. In this proclamation the United States troops are forbid entering the Territory without his permission, and the whole tenor of the document is in decided hostility to the United States Government.

The spirit that is evidently growing in our large cities of looking to government for bread in hunger, or for employment in idleness, seems to bode the decay of the republican sentiment among our people. That spirit has been fostered by the State school system, but has not as yet been heartily adopted. In a true republic the people take care of themselves, and ask nothing but justice from the law, and the moment government becomes the father of the people, republicanism is effete.—*Cincinnati Catholic Telegraph.*

A few months ago the papers gave an account of the loss by Mrs. Rush of Philadelphia of $20,000 worth of jewels, which were abstracted from her apartment after one of her splendid entertainments. The police were informed of the robbery and were actively engaged in the search for the thieves when they were informed by the lady that they need make no further effort! It was supposed she had discovered the delinquent, who proved to be a person she in her kindness of heart would not expose.

The Hon. Esbon Blacknor, an ex-member of Congress; and a well known citizen of Western New York, committed suicide on the 19th ult., at his residence in Newark, Wayne County, by drowning himself in a spring or shallow well, in his cellar. He was a baker and produce dealer, and had been compelled to yield to the pressure of the times, and make an assigament. The financial embarrassment is supposed to have been the cause of his suicide.

The Mobile *Mercury* says a lady in that vicinity, a few days since, missing her *teeth* under circumstances which led her to believe that one of her turkeys had appropriated them, instituted an examination after the style of justice once much in vogue, of executing a criminal first and trying him afterwards. Seven of the fowls were decapitated and acquitted, but the eighth was found guilty, and the lost teeth extracted from its craw.

The Treaty between the Republic of Yucaton and the United States has been signed by the new Envoy and the Secretary of State. The treaty provides for a free port at each end of the transit route; the United States guarantee the protection and neutrality of the route; the Transit is to be free to all nations; the United States reserves the right to transport the mails across the Isthmus.

The six degrees of crime are thus defined He who steals a million is only a financier Who steals half a million is a swindler. Who steals a hundred thousand is a rogue. But he who steals a pair of boots or a loaf of bread is a scoundrel of the deepest dye, and deserves to be lynched.

Brown is a married man. A few days since he thought of taking a trip to Paris. One of his friends meeting him in the streets, inquired, "Well, Brown, my boy, when are you off?" "To-morrow." "Don't you take your wife with you?" "No," said Brown; "it's a pleasure-trip."

James Symes, a white man, convicted at Charleston, South Carolina, on three separate indictments, viz.: one for horse-stealing, and two others for cow-stealing, has been sentenced to receive, in the aggregate, 120 stripes for his various offences, besides paying fines.

During the storm of last week, sixteen coal boats sunk in the Ohio and Mississippi rivers, near Cairo, and one hundred men were lost in them. The loss of coal is about 300,000 bushels, valued at $36,000. The stom is represented as having been most terrific.

The Olean *Advertiser* says Mathew Moran has been for seven years night switchman at the Olean Station for the N. Y. & E. R. R. Co., and during the whole time *he has not slept one night, nor has he ever been absent from his post.*

Late advices from Mexico bring the gratifying intelligence that the fall of Comonfort, the would-be dictator, is certain. So strong is public opinion against him that his life is considered unsafe if he remains in the country.

The Chicago *Tribune* has the following announcement in large type at the head of its second page: "This paper sent one year for three bushels of wheat, or six bushels of oats."

The N. Y. Police say that, *unless public lodging-houses* are provided, there will be many perish from exposure when the severe weather sets in.

Col. Fremont has been invited to deliver the Annual Address before the Geographical and Statistical Society of New York.

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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A Correspondent's request, relative to *King James's Irish Army List*, shall be complied with at the earliest opportunity. We shall continue from time to time to give such selections as we deem most appropriate.

ENQUIRER.—What you require cannot be procured at this side of the Atlantic.

In our journey thro' life we should never look down,
But like the Green Ivy smile over decay,
For when cold misfortune stands ready to frown,
Bright rainbow-winged joy comes to chase her away—
Tho' ills may beset us on life's chequered road—
Tho' the way be drear and the night coming on,
Tis cheering to know that the better abode
Will break on the soul when earth's daylight is gone.

How oft have I caroled when sorrow stood by,
Fond lays dedicated to Friendship and Love,
For while the clouds lowered 'twixt my soul and the sky,
I knew the bright sun beamed in glory above.
'Tis true, I have wept over spirits long flown,
When softly, calm memory whispered me back,
Where thro' the green valleys of old Cahirmone
Hand in hand, we unravelled youth's beautiful track.

As the tempest-tossed mariner thirsts for repose,
When the green sloping headlands rise fondly in sight,
And in visions of bliss soon forgets his past woes—
The loud angry sea melts to scenes of delight;
So, as life's ruffled journey draws on to its close,
And the fetters that bind us to earth are nigh riven
When the spirit is thirsting for endless repose,
Life's ills are soon lost in sweet visions of heaven.

M. S.

Chicago, Nov. 7th.

NEW YORK TABLET.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DEC. 5, '57.

ARCHBISHOP HUGHES ON THE EDUCATION OF YOUTH.

As the TABLET went to press last week before we could furnish our readers with anything but a very imperfect synopsis of the Archbishop's late Lecture on the "Education of Youth," we give place this week to a more extended notice of it. It will be found as interesting as any matter which might be published in its stead.

The Archbishop, in commencing, classified the departments of human society after the manner of Schlegel, into the Family, the State, the Church, and the School. To these he added Commerce. The Church was all-penetrating, permeating alike the hearts of those who were to obey and of those who were to command. The School was the offspring of the Church and the Family, and *these should have control of it.* Education was not an operation confined simply to the intellect. Beside the intellect there were the memory and the will, and how could a school-system controlled by a State which professed to recognize no religion educate the will? The State, under the plea of the necessity of avoiding sectarianism, forbade the teacher to invoke for the benefit of the pupils one single principle of devotion to the God who made them. In a country where no religion is recognized by the law, it follows, as a matter of course, that every profession of Christianity is sectarianism, and thus, on the plea that everything sectarian is to be shut out of the public schools, Christianity itself is ignored in them. Where the State takes out of the Family and the Church and Commerce everything connected with education, and systematically deprives the youth of the knowledge of God, it becomes responsible for the consequences that flow from that lack of knowledge. In doing this we were for the first time in Christendom in any State, Catholic or Protestant, going through the experiment of divorcing education from religion. When the State usurped the prerogative of the Family and of the Church, it had no authority to make men virtuous, save by mere brute-force. He had studied the subject of our public education for years, and could hardly describe how shallow that education was. He believed that another generation would scout the whole system as one of the most extraordinary delusions that could have occupied or misled the human mind in the age in which we live. That system had produced nothing good, though he would not impute bad motives to its authors; God forbid. But he could not avoid remonstrating against the injustice inflicted upon Catholics, in requiring of them a *pro rata* support of a system of public education, so called, which was no education at all, and from which they could derive no benefit. He should not indulge in extended remarks on this subject, because from the extent and intelligence of this congregation he felt satisfied that Catholics were beginning to draw themselves up, and comprehend their duty therein, and, if necessary, would laugh to scorn the little tax the State required from them to support these schools, which were so utterly serviceless for any purposes of good. Let them furnish this tax in obedience to the law, but they would also unite and cling together and contribute their pence, their dimes and their dollars, to sustain the system of education already begun under the auspices of religion, which he hoped to see progressing until, with the blessing of God Almighty, there should not be a Catholic child whose shadow would darken the entrance of any of the public schools of this City or of the State. Whatever the upholders of these public schools might say, they knew that he had as high, perhaps as deep an interest in the general morality of the rising generation, as they ever had or ever could have. Although the present system of the public schools provided for by the State, might be suitable for those who wished their children to be freed from all religious partiality, looking forward to some vague period when, as the phrase went, they were "to get religion" by chance, or else go the way of the reprobate, yet that went entirely beyond the conception of Catholic people. They had come to this conclusion, that, whereas, the State had the right to provide for the cultivation of the mental powers of its young citizens, it ought not to sacrifice the Family and the Church to its own assumptions of supremacy. The Family and the Church were as independent as the State itself, and all history showed that no State ever usurped their functions and prerogatives that had not, sooner or later, reason to regret its inexperience or ignorance. Under our present system, the State was accountable before God, so far as this City was concerned, for the awful crimes which now blackened the annals of our Courts of Justice. He did not say that it gave a charter for the crimes that were now so common, but having usurped the prerogatives of the Family, the Church, of everything, he might say, in the relations of blood and kindred, the State had made itself accountable for the crimes of its young citizens. There was a time, in the history of New York, when the schools, being in union with the Church—he would not say the Catholic Church, but with the Church, of whatever character, the sanctity of an oath was respected, and life and property were safe. Now, we had got Common Schools, and plenty of them, and concurrently with them we found that our youth had determined to monopolize all the departments of evil in this community, plunge into intemperance, debauchery, and robbery, and indulge in the use of deadly weapons. The public schools, in assuming the prerogatives of the Family and Church, were accountable before God and man for what they had not done, as well as for what they had. In considering the present demoralized state of society, it would doubtless be said: "Oh, look at the names of these criminals, the O's and the Mac's; they are all Irish and Catholic." Alas! alas! that the O's and the Mac's ever came under a system in which there was so little that was good—a system whose whole tendency was to create a disregard for parental authority, for the laws of the land, save so far as they inspired fear in the mind of the man conscious of his guilt, and a total indifference to all domestic ties. Where were the polite manners that resulted from education? Where were the young men who had reverence for age? Where were the young women, brought up under this system, who cared much for their mothers? Where was the evidence of any improvement in the social condition of the people? Where? Echo answered "Where." There was none. There was none, because the State, with good intentions, no doubt, had usurped the prerogatives which were distributed in the aggregate of human life. He quarrelled not with the public schools—he gave them up. If only one-third of the money that had been paid by Catholics for their support were returned to them, for the purpose of promoting their own system of education, we would undertake to make the Judiciary a sinecure, so far as Catholics were concerned. In conclusion, he dwelt on the necessity of good example in the Family, and on the extent of responsibility of the parents to God for the souls intrusted to their charge.

THE DANUBIAN PRINCIPALITIES.

THE Danubian Principalities' question appears to lie dormant, hushed to sleep by the stormy doings at the East. It would be ungracious to force a serious dispute on England in her trouble, Napoleon thinks; but, rest assured, he will use this very magnanimity at no very future period to force his policy upon her.

Wallachia and Moldavia, as at present limited, contain a population of five millions of souls scattered over an area of 5,725 square miles. More populous than Belgium, and three times as large in extent, these Principalities are capable of an immense increase under an orderly government and a new system of administration. The Rouman influence—the national spirit of a race which is as anti-Russian as it is anti-Austrian—spreads far beyond the limits of Moldavia and Wallachia. In Transylvania, out of a population of 2,600,000 souls, 2,000,000 are Roumans. In the Bukovina, out of 500,000 inhabitants, 300,000 are Roumans. In short, in the Austrian provinces of Transylvania, Bukovina, and the Banat, there are four million Roumans. In Bessarabia, out of a population variously estimated at 600,000 to 1,000,000 of souls, nine-tenths of the people are Rouman. Roumania is rooted not only in Russia and in Austria, but when bad government forced the people to emigrate and settle on some portion or other of the vast wastes which still border the Danube, powerful offshoots were thrown out into Turkey and Servia. A national government would nearly double the population of the Principalities in a few years by merely favoring the return of its wanderers. Who can doubt that the Rouman peasant of Bessarabia or the Bukovina would prefer the rule of his countrymen to that of Russia or Austria—that the Wallachian emigrant of the Danube would seek to return to his own country? But above all, who can doubt the change that would take place in Transylvania, where, as we know, upwards of two-thirds of the people are Rouman? Ten years of good government would repeople Moldo-Wallachia, and would form as powerful a country as could be desired by England on the Lower Danube. Why, then, does she withhold her consent to its organization? Evidently, because she dreads Napoleon's ascendancy in deciding its dynasty. No better bar to Russian advance into Southern Asia could be conceived than a government guaranteed by the Western Powers; but no worse blow could be dealt on English power at the East, if France held the key of "the gate to India" through a crowned puppet at Bucharest.

CATHOLIC PUBLIC SPIRIT IN CANADA.

WE congratulate the Catholics of Canada on the noble stand which they have taken against the existence, in their midst, of any secret societies, but especially, the Orange brotherhood. The action of the St. Patrick's Society of Montreal, the articles of the *New Era* and the *True Witness*, all show that they are awake to the necessity of using their combined force to liberate Canadian politics from the grasp of that insidious parasite which contributed largely to make Ireland what she is; which has written its history in blood at Newark and other parts of this country; and threatens, if not prevented, to turn the neighboring provinces into a camping-ground for all the viler passions. We congratulate them, we say; let us hope, also, that they will *persevere.* The *True Witness* writes:

"A General election is most probably at hand; and it is to be hoped that when the day comes, every Irish Catholic voter will show himself faithful to the policy of acting unremitting opposition to every Ministry that will not make the principles embodied in the 'Resolutions' of the St. Patrick's Society, part of its official programme; and that no Catholic vote will be given under *any* circumstances, to *any* candidate—no matter what his past services—who will not in like manner publicly and explicitly pledge himself to use every means in his power as a member of Parliament, both to compel the adoption in Canada of the same policy towards Orangemen as that which has been adopted by the Imperial authorities in Ireland, and to procure for the Catholics of Upper Canada a complete emancipation from the tyrannical system of State-Schoolism under which they now groan."

Here is a spirit of independence we should profit by. We have as great wrongs to bear as the Catholics of Canada—why should we not have at least an equal determination to make away with them? Is it because we are better party-men, than Catholics? better time-servers, than conscientious citizens?

THEOLOGICAL SEMINARIES IN FRANCE.—Some very important changes are about being made in the system of Public Instruction in France. The theological faculties attempted, with so little success, to be established by Napoleon I. as a part of his vast university system in France, are in course of reconstruction on a new and very different footing. These schools of theology have hitherto been merely tolerated by the Catholic Church, and the degrees conferred by them have enjoyed no higher Ecclesiastical value or authority than would be commanded by the administrative acts of a Bishop instituted by the government. An understanding on this subject has now been come to between the imperial government and the Roman authorities, and the canonical establishment of Public Faculties of Theology is expected shortly to be confirmed by a Papal Bull, under the following conditions:

The different dioceses or Ecclesiastical provinces of France are to be formed into distinct groups, each of which shall possess its own theological faculty. These institutions, however, are to remain entirely separate and distinct from what is called the University of France, and to enjoy complete independence even from government control and inspection. The nomination or revocation of the professors is to be vested solely in the Bishops of the different dioceses included within each of the groups in question; and lastly, the Pope is to enjoy the high and unusual prerogative, even in the most Catholic universities of Europe, of confirming or disallowing the nomination of the chief dignitary of each of these several faculties. The institution would seem to amount to the establishment throughout France of a new theological university, independent of the secular government, and wholly under the direction of the Episcopate and the See of Rome.

CIRCUMSTANCES ALTER CASES.—The Catholic Press of the United States, believing the representations of missionaries who say that English influence is inimical to the progress of the Gospel in Pagan countries, would like to see English power killed in India. The *Tablet* of Dublin, and a Canadian cotemporary, regard England as the hope of the Church in Hindostan; and urge that it is an evidence of bad citizenship to think, and a plain proof of silliness, to speak or write otherwise. In view of this difference, what *are* Catholic interests?

SANCTIMONIOUS DECEPTION.—Somebody has sent us the "American and Foreign Christian Union" Magazine for December. It contains a dunning leader, a lying little article on Ireland, a Report from Dr. Blair on his labors at the Evangelical Alliance, and several letters from colporteurs in different countries. We have neither time nor space to devote to the analysis of the last heap of trash, but a few words on Dr. Baird may not be amiss.

The Dr. states that the object of the late Evangelical conference was "the manifestations of the *essential unity* of evangelical Protestants—of all Protestants who hold the great system of doctrines which the Reformers of the sixteenth century maintained, and for the maintenance of which, and a protestation against the opposite errors, they obtained the name of *Protestants*. This Unity," says the Dr., "is well set forth in the nine articles of the 'Doctrinal Basis,' or Creed, which was adopted at the outset."

Now, the Doctor knows, as well as we do, that not one of the Nine Doctrinal Articles adopted by the London Conference of the Alliance was held in common by the "Reformers of the sixteenth century," and that the absence of this "essential unity" was the cause, not only of their quarrels, but the main origin of the late Berlin gathering. Besides, there is not one article of the nine which, if discussed in a Vestry Session of any Protestant Congregation in New York, would be adopted without dissent. Then, again, the aforesaid nine were cut and dried before the Berlin meeting; and we have the authority of our Protestant exchanges for saying that no free exchange of views on matters of doctrine was permitted from its opening to its close. Was this an evidence of the "essential unity of evangelical Protestants ?" How could they differ if they were muzzled?

The Dr., knowing in his heart that he is humbugging his readers, goes on to state, that "no man who has seen the action of the three last of these great meetings, can with truth assert that there is nothing *practical* in their proceedings—far otherwise has been the case," and we forget his phraseology, while anticipating the proof of his assertion. But the Dr. has no proof to offer—and there we leave him.

PROTESTANT LIBERALITY.—Bayard Taylor shows conclusively that Sweden is the most immoral country in Europe, and the late action of the Diet proves that it is also the most bigoted. The relaxation proposed by the King in the existing laws, which confine the holding of civil offices to the Lutheran profession, and punish with banishment dissentients to the established religion, has been rejected by the Knights and Nobles in a vote of 137 to 78. The clergy rose *en masse* against it. The Burgess alone, by a vote of 34 to 11, favored it; but their small voice was drowned in the general clamor of the fanatics. The Chancellor, M. de Kock, reminded the Assembly, in vain, that the fate of seven Swedish women who had been found guilty of abjuring the orthodox communion depended on the issue. Exclusiveness was sweeter than liberality; and so Swedish bigotry signed the warrant for their transportation. There is Protestant liberality and enlightenment for you! Fellow us a case like this in a Catholic country.

MEXICO.—Comonfort, if we may venture to prophecy, will not hold the reins of power in the neighboring Republic three months longer. All the signs are against him. The recall of Santa Anna is far more probable than Comonfort's continued Dictatorship.

Our friend McCluskey, of the Brooklyn *Eagle*, was twice voted down last week, by a Democratic Common Council, when proposed to fill a seat in the Board of Education. As Mr. McCluskey is otherwise unimpeachable, and has done more service to his party than any other man in Brooklyn, we presume his Irish name and antecedents interfered with his election. Shabby, is it not? What of unconditional allegiance to party *now*, Mr. McCluskey?

DR. BROWNSON'S NEW BOOK—"THE CONVERT."

"THE historian of the aberrations of Human Reason during the last century," says Dr. Brownson in his Preface, "will find, if I am not much mistaken, this volume not unworthy of his attention," and there is no egotism in the remark. THE CONVERT gives a succinct sketch of the different men and views which have influenced American thought in that time—shows the author's relations to them, whether as acting or being acted upon—and closes with the climax of his conversion to the Catholic Church. It does not enter so much as we would wish into the real life of its writer; but it follows his intellectual life, step by step, and traces the relations which each phrase of thought bore to that which succeeded it. A book of this kind, as the reader will perceive, is scarcely subject for Catholic newspaper criticism, since its main drift runs far below the common currents of intelligence, and we are too well satisfied with the winning of a soul, to quarrel over the value of the reasons which sufficed to lead it to truth. This much, however, we may say: The Protestant, with moderate abilities, who reads THE CONVERT will scarcely be converted by it; while the Catholic, with the same abilities, will only be surprised to see with what strange threads even first class minds are directed to the Catholic Church.

In a careful reading of THE CONVERT we were struck with some passages which we will quote without comment. They will be found interesting as the results of an American writer's experience:

AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE.

The immense majority of American voters vote with no real will or independence of their own. A few individuals contrive to manage the people, and some two or three hundred more determine even our national elections, and the politics of the country.

COMPARATIVE STOLIDITY.

Alas! I did not know then that men act from habit, prejudice, routine, passion, caprice, rather than from reason, and that of all people in the world Englishmen and Americans are the least disturbed by incongruities, inconsistencies, inconsequences, and anomalies—although I was beginning to suspect it.

THE CATHOLIC AND PROTESTANT CLERGY.

I have known long and well the Protestant clergy of the United States, and I am by no means disposed to underrate their native abilities or their learning and science, and, although I think the present generation of ministers fall far below its predecessor, I esteem highly the contributions they have made and are making to the literature and science of our common country; but our Catholic clergy, below in many respects what for various reasons they should be, can compare more than favorably with them, except those among them whose mother tongue was foreign from ours, in the correct and classical use of the English language. They surpass them as a body in logical training, in theological science, and in the accuracy, and not unfrequently in the variety and extent of their erudition.

THE "INTERIOR" LIFE OF FOREIGNERS.

They are very generally attached to the republican institutions of the country, no class of our citizens more so, and would defend them at the sacrifice of their own lives, but their interior life has not as yet been moulded into entire harmony with them, and they have a tendency in seeking to follow out American democracy to run into extreme radicalism, or when seeking to preserve law and order, to run into extreme conservatism. They do not always hit the exact medium. But this need not surprise us, for no one can hit that medium unless his interior life and habits have been formed to it. Non-Catholic foreigners are less able than Catholic foreigners to do it, if we except the English, who have been trained under a system in many respects analogous to our own

CATHOLIC POLITICS IN THE SIXTEENTH AND SEVENTEENTH CENTURIES.

The politics of Philip II. of Spain, of Richelieu, Mazarin, and Louis XIV. in France, which were the politics of Catholic Europe, hardly opposed except by the Popes, through the greater part of the sixteenth, and the whole of the seventeenth centuries, tended directly to enslave the people, and to restrict the freedom of the Church. Had either Philip, or after him Louis, succeeded, by linking the Catholic cause to his personal ambition, in realizing his dream of universal monarchy, Europe would most likely have been plunged into a political and social condition as unenviable as that into which old Asia has been plunged for these four hundred years; and it may well be believed that it was Providence that raised and directed the tempest that scattered the Grand Armada, and that gave victory to the arms of Eugene and Marlborough.

RESPECT FOR MONEY IN DIFFERENT COUNTRIES.

In no Catholic population will you find the flunkyism which Carlyle so unmercifully ridicules in the middling classes of Great Britain, or that respect to mere wealth, that worship of the money-bag, or that base servility to the mob or to public opinion, so common and so ruinous to public and private virtue in the United States.

In an artistic point of view THE CONVERT is scarcely equal to Dr. Brownson's other writings, even his hurriedly written *Review* articles. When he is not philosophizing, he sometimes stoops to vulgarisms, as in page 21; and in the next leaf to that on which he speaks of Burke's bad influence over "Classical English," he forgets both his syntax and his rhetoric. These are slight blemishes, and in no manner effect the high opinion we hold of the author's ability.

THE "TABLET" FOR THE NEW YEAR.

WE propose to make the TABLET for 1858 a necessity in every Catholic family, but we cannot do this without the concurrence of our subscribers. They should pay their own subscriptions promptly and interest themselves in increasing our circulation. When they consider that the TABLET is the cheapest weekly of its class to its readers, while it is the most expensive to its publishers—that it contains a greater amount of news than any other—that from cover to cover, in all the variety of its reading matter, nothing injurious to morality or offensive to the nicest taste, is ever admitted—they will find abundant reasons for making its success a personal matter.

THE "PROPAGATEUR CATHOLIQUE."—This deserving journal of the French Catholics of New Orleans, lately under charge of Father Perche, has passed into the hands of M. De Sard, who will in future conduct it. We feel great pleasure in publishing the following announcement:

The office of the *Propagateur Catholique* has been removed to No. 50 Bourbon street, New Orleans. All communications for subscription, advertisements, &c., should be addressed, post-paid. "M. DE SARD, Editor and Proprietor, Office of the *Propagateur Catholique*."

MELANCHOLY ACCIDENT.—Father McCabe, the well-known pastor of Malone, N. Y., was burned to death in that village on the 24th ult. while lying in his bed, owing to the clothes which covered him taking fire. The fire was confined to the bedroom, and nothing was known of the lamentable affair until next morning, when his body was discovered by another priest, who had slept in an adjoining room.

We regret to see that the Sunday *Leader*, of St. Louis, in a late article on the fall of Delhi, echoes the ignorant cant about the "Anglo-Saxon Race"—a something which needs to be defined before it can be sensibly written upon. The editor, Mr. Donald McLeod, is, as his name imports, a Gael, or Celt; and we have no doubt he will cancel this error of some literary interloper, when his attention shall have been called to it.

The *Tribune* takes Dr. A. V. Williams of the Free Academy,—that half educational, half political sponge, which sucks up $40,000 yearly,—to task for his "horrible Latin." We agree with the *Tribune* that the Doctor's is very dear stuff; but we cannot close our eyes to the *Tribune's* "horrible" English. The greatest geniuses of the language are bad grammarians as Breen shows, still, "persons who live in glass houses should not throw stones."

Mr. Knoblock's translation of Cardinal de Berulle's "Life and Times" is concluded in this week's TABLET. Our readers will join us in thanking Mr. K. for making another illustrious French prelate's name familiar to the Catholics of America.

The *Wooden Cross* and the *Little Emigrant* are the titles of Nos. 8 and 9 of the "Parochial Library" Series for youth now issuing from the press of the Messrs. McGrath of Philadelphia. They are, like all Cannon Schmidt's tales, well told; and like all the Messrs. McGraths' publications, very tastefully bound and printed.

THE "TABLET" IN ALBANY, N. Y.

Our Subscribers in Albany, N. Y., will be served in future with the TABLET, from the Bookstore of Miss E. O'Sullivan, South Pearl street, who has kindly consented to act as Agent in Albany. Any of our Subscribers wishing the back numbers can have them on application at Miss O'Sullivan's store. She keeps on hand a large assortment of Catholic Books, Pictures, Beads, &c.

CHICAGO CORRESPONDENCE.

Stealing Dead Bodies.—Senator Douglass.—Fine Arts.—Religious News.—Charities, &c.

A most revolting affair has just come to light. Our city Sexton has turned Buzzard, Vulture, Hyena, and has been detected carrying on a traffic between the City Cemetery and Rush Medical College. He was captured the other midnight with four corpses stowed in sacks on his way to the Rush Medical Market. This is the second time our present authorities have been found burrowing in the graves; and with their present instincts, will probably not be the last. We see no remedy, except to organize a Society with a handsome capital for the purpose of *insuring our "Remains" against the city authorities.*

In politics the topics of leading interest is the speech of Judge Douglass at the Light Guard Armory. The Hall was packed like a fig chest. The "Little Giant" spoke an hour. It was a strange speech; sinewy, subtle, yet massive; full of scorn and argument. The man startles you with his foresight. His audacity is fascinating. His perseverance marvellous. He employs only the plain, strong words of daily life. There is no more simile or metaphor about him, than there was rhetoric about Cœur de Lion's battle axe. The speech is doubtless intended to mould public opinion to the policy he will develope in the Senate this winter, on some troublesome questions regarding the Mormons and the Territories. If we are not much amiss he will create a stormy time in the session of '57 and '58. He returns to his seat stronger than ever; well supported at home, and backed by the victorious impetus of the late elections. Stirring scenes are ahead.

Chicago is not unknown to the fine arts. One of our painters has been commissioned by the general government to paint Pierce, Fillmore, and Van Buren for the national capitol. He has just finished excellent portraits of Mr. and Mrs. Douglass.

This lady, occasionally accompanied by the Judge, attends regularly the Cathedral Church of St. Mary, in whose pulpit Bishop Smith appeared lately for the first time. The Bishop, without being an orator, speaks well and feelingly. He has a fine appearance, and bears a superior reputation for talents and judgment, which will all be needed. He replaces Bishop O'Regan, now on a visit to Rome.

The Fair Season is opening very fairly. At one held the other day for the benefit of the Church of the "Holy Name," a thousand dollars were cleared. The second takes place at the close of this month for the benefit of "St. Patrick's." The Jesuit Fathers have a very grand one under way for the benefit of the "Church of the Holy Family." It is to occupy a whole week in January. The Fathers intend that the subscribers shall have "a time, a time, and half a time."

[illegible].

BUSINESS NOTICES.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.—Subscribers who may receive bills will please attend to them immediately, as our terms are payment in advance. We intend making the TABLET a first-class paper, and we cannot do it without adopting, as far as practicable, the cash principle.

NOTICE.—Wanted—A number of men, in the different States of the Union, to act as Agents for the TABLET, and for the sale of books. None but persons who can be well recommended need apply. D. & J. SADLIER & Co.

CARD.

We would call the attention of Libraries and Religious Institutions to our Catalogue of Foreign and American Books, which we will supply on the most reasonable terms. We have also a Bindery in connection with our Bookstore, where all jobs intrusted to our care will be done neatly and in any style to suit customers.

D. & J. SADLIER & Co.,
164 William street, New York.

We would call the attention of the Catholics of Troy and vicinity to the advertisement of Francis Roarke, 10 1-2 King street, where he keeps constantly on hand a large assortment of Catholic and Miscellaneous Books, Prayer-Books, Beads, and Religious Articles. He is also Agent for the TABLET.

BIRTH.

In New York, on Thursday, 10th ult., the wife of Dr. JOHN BEES, Grand street, of a Daughter.

CARDINAL DE BERULLE.

HIS LIFE, HIS WRITINGS, AND HIS TIMES.

Translated from the French of M. Nourrisson,
PROFESSOR OF PHILOSOPHY AT CLERMONT,
By Arthur F. Knobloch.

CHAPTER VI.

CONCLUSION.

Berulle is created Cardinal.—Siege of La Rochelle.—Life of Jesus.—Berulle's Death.—Concluding Remarks.

Berulle had rendered so many important services to the crown that the king had now for some time considered how he might give him some high token of his satisfaction. The death of Cardinal de Marquemont, Archbishop of Lyons, which took place on the sixteenth of September, 1626, offered Louis XIII. an opportunity which he was not slow to embrace. He lost no time in writing to the Pope, earnestly entreating him to confer upon the Superior of the Oratory the hat which had just become vacant; and such was the respect Berulle commanded, that notwithstanding his recent opposition to the will of the Roman Pontiff, Urban VIII., received this overture favorably. Richelieu alone who was disturbed by the apprehension that his rival might be promoted, secretly used his influence to prevent, or cause to be delayed, a nomination he had unsuccessfully sought for Father Joseph, whom he termed his right arm. But the kind endeavors of M. de Marillac, and of the Nuncio Spada, prevailed over those jealous schemes, and on the thirtieth of August, 1627, the Pope created Berulle Cardinal. A short time after his advancement to the dignity of the purple, the queen-mother in the absence of the king, who was then in Poitou at the head of his army, solemnly delivered to him the Cardinal's cap.

It was no common event to see an humble priest raised all at once to the rank of an ecclesiastical prince. Therefore the prelates of the court, such as Mgr. de Gondi, Archbishop of Paris, and Mgr. de Harlay, Archbishop of Rouen, who themselves aspired to the cardinalate, felt inclined to murmur, whereas from all disinterested persons the nomination met with the warmest approval. Such a choice redounded at the same time both to the honor of him on whom the distinction was conferred, and to the honor of those who conferred it.

Berulle had, in fact, from his reception into the ecclesiastical state, surrendered all claims to his inheritance. Moreover, the congregation he had founded was poor. And yet it was necessary to provide for the expenses indispensable to the maintenance of a Cardinal's establishment whatever might be his indifference to earthly goods, and his modesty.

Louis XIII. was the first to be impressed with a sense of this necessity. His first step was to appoint Berulle Counsellor of State.

But the political life of the holy Cardinal had not yet been brought to a close. New enterprises were formed, in which his piety, as well as the best interests of the State, led him to take an active share. France, in a certain measure, was about to be indebted to him for one of those important events which decide the future of a nation—the capture of La Rochelle—the whole credit of which it has been the custom to attribute to Richelieu.

From the time Louis XIII. had ascended the throne, Berulle had not ceased to point out to this monarch the subjugation of the Protestants as an essential condition to the peace of the kingdom. Not that there was any wish indulged on his part to bring back by violence the dissenters to the bosom of the Church; for though he hugged to his soul the seductive but hateful chimera of a union of Church and State, we know that he never, and would not, under any circumstances, have called, for the purpose of conversion, the intervention of the secular arm.

But he could ill brook the fact that the Protestants should form a State within the State, that they should remain rebellious subjects of their king, compromising agitators, Frenchmen destitute of patriotism, ever ready to extend a friendly hand to enemies without, and aid them in their aggressions. "Sire," said he to the king, "for sixty years the dark billows of heresy have lashed the bark of the Church, shaking to the very core your most flourishing kingdom, and tended to subvert the government of the monarchy."

If we examine the original documents, we will be forced to admit the painful truth that this inculpation bore in no degree the stamp of exaggeration. A Venetian envoy, whose term of office had expired as early as 1609, draws no less a sad picture of the state and condition of France at that time.

"I no longer beheld," says he, "the France I had seen so submissive, so united, so powerful, so great, and endowed with so many rare qualities. Who could check his tears (*contenersi dalle lagrime*) to see that kingdom in such a state, so much to be regretted by France herself and the whole of Christendom? And such a change is to be ascribed to no other reason, as experience has fully demonstrated, than to the change in faith, destined by the will of God to be entirely free from mixture."

"Two hundred thousand persons have already perished," writes another foreigner. "Blood not having satiated the rage of the innovators they have directed their fury against the very stones. They have laid waste such a number of churches, that ten years of the public revenue would not furnish the sum needed for rebuilding them. It is painfully sad to behold these ruins; and as these large edifices, when standing, elicited a universal joy and admiration, as trophies which symbolized the piety and devotion of those who erected them, so will their ruins afford evidences of an unheard-of fanaticism, so will they present a saddening spectacle to coming generations."

We will easily understand, then, why Berulle deemed it his duty to represent to Louis XIII. what Francis I. himself deplored in the account given by Brantome, "that Protestantism tended to the overthorow of divine and human authority." And did not, indeed, the successive leaders of the Reformation from the first Prince of Conde to the last Duke of Rohan, strive to re-establish a sort of feudality?

Already several expeditions had been made against the Protestants without any decisive results. Berulle felt that a heavy blow must somewhere be struck, and he pointed out La Rochelle, a stronghold which commanded the whole West, and the central point of the reformers' strength. A secret faith besides urged him to this enterprise. In 1620, in passing through La Rochelle, while engaged in prayer in the Church of Saint Margaret, he felt himself strongly pressed by the desire to see the town submit once more to authority, and it seemed to him that a voice within assured him that his vows would be heard. Therefore to the convictions of his mind were added the earnestness and ardor of his presentiment. He had even thought it his duty to open his mind on the matter to Richelieu. The latter who possessed a practical mind, and little inclined to mysticism, had taken no heed of this revelation. The siege of La Rochelle he regarded as an extremely difficult undertaking, and besides he was apprehensive in driving the king to such a step, of rousing the Protestant Princes, over whom he was anxious to retain his influence. But events soon wrought a change in his resolution.

The English, led by the Duke of Buckingham, had just taken possession of the island of Re, and Fort Saint Martin was in imminent danger of falling into their hands. Thence they were preparing to aid the Protestants of La Rochelle. The cardinal-minister found himself compelled therefore to hasten to blockade the city, in order to prevent the approach of the enemies. Berulle having advised this siege, it devolved upon him to secure its final success.

In the first place, it was through his interference that Louis XIII. had obtained the money necessary to carry on the war which had just been entered upon. Berulle negotiated with Urban VIII. in so skilful a manner, that the Pope authorized, and the clergy of France consented to a loan of three millions. To the aid of his diplomatic tact, the superior of the Oratory united, although kept by his duties near the person of the queen-mother, the still more valuable assistance of his immovable firmness. Richelieu, discouraged by the slowness of the siege, is about to stipulate. Berulle turns him off from this design, and exhorts him to persevere. Yet La Rochelle offers continued resistance, difficulties multiply; a conspiracy plotted by Buckingham is discovered, and the first prince of the blood, Count de Soissons, comes near invading Dauphine at the head of fifteen thousand men supplied by the Duke of Savoy, while the Duke of Lorraine was about marching the Emperor's troops on Verdun. Richelieu, provoked and dismayed, complained openly of the Cardinal: "The good M. de Berulle might have had something better to do than to involve us in this business with his pretended revelation." He asked him, ironically, when God would fulfil the promise with which he had flattered him. Berulle without appearing disconcerted, answered: "I have no insight into the future, yet I have my views, and since you require to know what they are I will tell you. I consider La Rochelle, as I considered before the island of Re, that it will ere long surrender to the king. I do not expect this to be done by stockade, nor by blockade; but by some sudden and unexpected blow."

In whatever light we may view the motives of so much persistence on the part of Berulle, it cannot be denied that it contributed to the capture of La Rochelle. One might be tempted to attribute to it no importance, when compared with the vast mole stretched across the harbor, by the orders of Richelieu; but shall we deny that it did, at least, in quieting all impatience, assist, by the length of time, to reduce La Rochelle to extremity. On All Saints' Day, 1628, the town opened her gates to Louis XIII. Richelieu entered it triumphantly by the side of his master; Berulle went to kneel in that same church of Saint Margaret, whence, eight years before, he had come out all-inspired.

The first leisure hours of the founder of the Oratory were spent in completing his *Life of Christ*.

As early as 1628, Berulle had fallen into a state of languor which had alarmed all those who took any interest in his preservation.

On the 2d day of October, notwithstanding his sufferings, he attempted to ascend the steps of the altar, but an extreme weakness interrupted him in the midst of the sacrifice, and he expired after having, by an utmost effort, blessed his congregation.

Had it been in our power to describe with minute faithfulness the leading incidents in the life of Berulle, we think we might have dragged from comparative obscurity one of the noblest characters that adorn the seventeenth century, and restored to fame a forgotten, and much-calumniated rival of Richelieu.

Far be it from us to deny that there should have existed no striking contrast between the two Cardinals. We can easily concede to one a great superiority over the other in those human qualities which form so essential an element in politics, in the combination of craft and passion, in the multiplicity and jarring of opinions, in the indifference for true worth, and in the never-ending pursuit after one, ever-changing end. But does it imply that Berulle was nothing but a narrow-minded man, unfit for worldly affairs, a visionary and a leaguer? And if his plans should have differed from the views of his rival, does this therefore bear evidence of a signal inferiority? We deem otherwise.

Three principal events are generally ascribed to Richelieu's policy—the defeat of Protestantism in France, the decline of the House of Austria, and the ultimate extinction of Feudality. Now is it fair to attribute those results to Richelieu alone? Or should they even challenge our unqualified admiration?

Granting that Richelieu overthrew Protestantism in France, it would be wrong to admit that familiar historical fact, without some restriction. For it was not Richelieu, but Berulle, who, from the earliest years of his reign, persuaded Louis XIII. to undertake the incursions into Bearn, and at a later day the decisive reduction of La Rochelle.

Without Berulle we would not have the polyglot of Le Jay; and without him especially we would not have had Descartes whom he induced to produce his philosophy. It was Berulle in sooth who, at the Nuncio's Bagne, in a reunion where a physician named Chandoux was expounding the principles of a new philosophy, discovered the genius of Descartes while listening to his objections.

"He contended, and strove to persuade him from that hour," says Baillet, "that it was obligatory upon him, in point of conscience, to give publicity to his ideas, since God had endowed him with a strength and penetration of mind, and other gifts which He had not accorded to others, and that he would be called upon to render unto Him a correct account of the use he had made of his talents, and that he would be responsible before the Sovereign of men for the wrong he would do to mankind in depriving them of the fruits of his meditations. He went so far as to assure him that with such pure intentions, and such intellectual faculties as he knew him to be possessed of, God would not fail to bless his undertaking, and crown it with a success that would meet his highest anticipations."

In short, to be thoroughly just to the memory of this but too little known man, after having asserted with one of his biographers, "that he contributed to the restoration of pulpit eloquence," it would still behoove us to note how much his works preceding by twenty years the *Provincial Letters*, and by ten years the *Discourse on Method*, are characterized by that clearness, precision, and vigor, of the French style — peculiarly its own — of this great century. For it is beyond a doubt that the style he employs comes up in all its requisites to the style even of Coeffetau, or of Balzac; yet do not such intellectual merits dwindle in comparison with the splendor of his character? The Abbe de Saint Cyran writes to Father Bourgoing: "Berulle died while standing, like those souls who command on earth through the spirit of heaven. The public voice proclaims him to be an apostolic man, and I, who, without mentioning other occasions, have been in the habit of spending seven or eight hours a day in his study, and have heard him express his opinions on various subjects, can confirm what I have often said during his life, that never have I seen such uniform actions, and which proceeded from a principle at once more exalted and more humble; equally adapted to stoop to the consideration of the most trivial matters of devotion, or master whatever sprung up with those important occasions in which it devolved upon him to act with decision and courage. I attribute to him almost all the good which has befallen our kingdom of late years."

From the cradle he appeared, to a certain degree, wrapt in the folds of grace, and his whole existence unrolls itself in the uniformity of an unalterable virtue. We detect in him the presence neither of excess, nor of passion, nor of vacillation, none of those tragic episodes which create a commotion among contemporaries, and erect a shrine at which posterity bends the knee. He lacked, I know not what, of that finish which great minds borrow from a brilliant fortune, repentance, or misfortune. But are that spotless purity, that immovable strength, and that unchanging piety to be accounted nothing?

We wish we may have contributed our mite to raise "the great servant of God" from the oblivion and the little appreciation to which, Father Bourgoing sadly remarked, he had been consigned after his death.

WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENCE.

Governor Wise's Letters.—His successful Opposition and Defeat of Know-Nothingism.—John F. Callan's forthcoming work on the Military Laws of the United States.—Spurgeonism in the District of Columbia.—Its abhorrence of labor and Catholicity.—The New Hall of the House of Representatives.—Candidates.—The N. Y. Herald and the District Appointments.

Washington, Nov. 20, 1857.

The recent able letter of Governor Wise, of Virginia, on the alleged difficulty between him and Senator Hunter, about the seat of the latter in the Senate of the United States, is looked upon by all parties here as a clear, candid, and masterly paper, which has won for its author golden opinions, that must tend to raise him higher in the respect and confidence of his countrymen than what he has before enjoyed.

Governor Wise, as every one knows, was the David that slew the Goliah of Know-Nothingism in Virginia, in the spring prior to the late Presidential election; and, had it not been for his providential exertions in that eventful period, the country would be at this moment under the rule of a worse than Orange faction; for, to the religious hatred which it bears towards Catholics, would be superadded that which it bears towards "foreigners." Mr. Wise, if for nothing else, is entitled to the everlasting gratitude of the naturalized citizens of the country for rescuing them from the horrors of so brutal and barbarian a domination; and, if I do not greatly underrate the gratitude of my countrymen, they will, for this, at some future day, aid in placing Governor Wise upon a higher pedestal of political power than that which he now enjoys.

Our respected fellow-citizen, John F. Callan, is preparing for the press a work on the Military Laws of the United States, relating to the Army, Marine Corps, Volunteers, Militia, and to Bounty Lands and Pensions from the foundation of the Government to the present year inclusive.

The necessity for the publication of these laws in this form must be obvious to every one. Laws, to be properly observed, must be known not only by those who execute them, but also by those upon whom they operate, and they are not now accessable to either of those classes, scattered as they are through the large volumes of the statutes.

Many of the old laws have been repealed and again revived. Some are obsolete, or have

been proclaimed by others. It is quite important, therefore, to present these enactments "as they are," and Mr. Callan's position and long experience on the Military Department of the Senate fully qualify him for the task he has undertaken.

A laughable specimen of Spurgeonism occurred in the neighborhood of my residence, four miles from the city, last week, which shows the spirit with which the Orange leaders imbue their unfortunate dupes. An Irish laborer and his wife, who are wandering about the country looking for work, took up their quarters in an old frame Methodist Meeting House. About eight o'clock at night, the people living near it, discovered a light in it, and on going to see what it was, the man was found in the act of preaching from his Bible, and his wife sitting in front of him as his only audience. Next morning the scene was changed, for, with the rising of the sun, this Belfast Orangeman was seen in the act of kicking his better half out of church, both being in a state of intoxication. A gentleman living near me, before this farcical occurrence, offered to employ them both at $25 a month, but they refused to take his offer, because he is a Catholic!

The new hall of the House of Representatives is nearly ready for the meeting of Congress. Few members have as yet arrived in this city; but, in the course of next week and the following one, the trains from all directions will bring them here in time for canvassing for officers of the House.

There are some twenty candidates for the place of door-keeper, but none to represent the *right one* of the Democratic party—the Irish naturalized citizen; those are useful before and at an election, but, after it is gained, nobody remembers or rewards their services.

The N. Y. *Herald*, which, it is supposed, has the confidence of the President, and which it will betray when its interests require it, says the District appointments have been made. Only two of them are as yet certain as far as is known, viz.: George Plitt, of Pennsylvania, for Marshal, in place of Jonas B. Holver, and Lawyer Ould, of Georgetown, for District Attorney, in place of Philip B. Kees. SIGMA.

ANNIVERSARY OBSEQUIES OF REV. MR. CURRAN, LATE OF ASTORIA, L. I.

According to the notice in last week's TABLET, the Anniversary Mass of Requiem for the late Father Curran, of Astoria, L. I., was celebrated in St. James' Cathedral, Brooklyn, on Thursday, the 26th ult. When our reporter arrived the Church was already thronged with the friends of the deceased, and he was unable to procure a seat or take notes. 3,000 souls, at least, were in the building, and hundreds were obliged to leave for want of room.

At 10 1-2 o'clock the Rt. Rev. Bishop Loughlin ascended the Altar and proceeded to celebrate the august Sacrifice for the soul of the deceased, the Rev. M. Walsh acting as Assistant Priest, Rev. Mr. Malone, of Williamsburg, as Deacon, Rev. Mr. McAvoy, St. Patrick's, New York, as Sub-Deacon, and the Rev. Mr. Cassiday, Brooklyn, as Master of Ceremonies. In the Sacristy we noticed the following Rev. Gentlemen:

ARCHDIOCESE OF NEW YORK.—Very Rev. William Starrs, Rev. Dr. Manahan, Rev. Messrs. Quarters, Breen, McCloskey, Farrell, Ryan, McGuire, McCarthy, Slevin, McClelland, Trainor, Quinn, Brennan, Scollin, McLoughlin, McCarron, Boyce, and Rev. Mr. Reardon, Poughkeepsie.

DIOCESE OF PHILADELPHIA.—Rev. Mr. Walsh, St. Patrick's, Philadelphia.

DIOCESE OF ALBANY.—Very Rev. J. Conroy, Albany.

DIOCESE OF NEWARK.—Very Rev. Mr. Moran, Rev. Messrs. McQuade, Kelly, McGurk, and Madden.

DIOCESE OF BROOKLYN.—Rev. Dr. Pease, Rev. Messrs. Schneller, McShane, Ward, McGuire, H. O'Neill, McKenna, McCarthy, P. O'Neill, Keegan, Turner, Alare, Dowling, McGovern, Huzarski, Bohan, Brady, and Farrelly.

Besides these Rev. Gentlemen there were several others scattered through the congregation, so that we are safe in saying more than sixty Priests were present to testify to the respect in which they held the deceased Pastor.

The Panegyric delivered by the Rev. J. McCaffrey, D.D., of Emmittsburgh, Md., was a beautiful tribute. Shunning the excess of praise, it dwelt tenderly round the memories and the merits of the friend and fellow-missionary. His zeal, his generosity, his urbanity, his lasting affection for the land of his birth and his fellow-emigrants,—all were touched by the genius of the orator and presented themselves again to the eyes of the auditors. And when, rising on the current of his own feelings, Dr. McCaffrey apostrophized his departed friend and closed with the ejaculation so apt and so pathetic, "Oh! heaven be your bed!" there were few dry eyes in the congregation. Priests and people with a common accord joined their tears and their prayers. That grief is Father Curran's best monument; and to those prayers we join our own, humble as they are, but not the less heartfelt.

LEGENDS AND TALES OF IRELAND.

By Mrs. J. Sadlier.

THE ROCK OF CASHEL.

Royal and saintly Cashel! I would gaze
Upon the wreck of thy departed powers,
Not in the dewy light of matin hours,
Nor the meridian pomp of summer's blaze,
But at the close of dim autumnal days;
When the sun's parting glance thro' slanting showers,
Sheds o'er thy rock-throned pediments and towers,
Such awful gleams as brighten on decay's
Prophetic cheek.—At such a time methinks,
There breathes from thy lone courts and voiceless aisles
A melancholy moral: such as sinks
On the worn traveller's heart, amid the piles
Of vast Persepolis or her mountain-stand,
Or Thebes half-buried in the desert's sand.

The above graceful sonnet from the pen of an elegant Irish writer of the present day* touchingly describes the emotions excited by the sight of the far-famed Rock of Cashel, with its singular group of ruins. Were Cashel situate in any other country but Ireland its fame would fill the world, for assuredly there is not anywhere to be found within the known world, a place more interesting in every possible way. But unhappily for its fame, Cashel *is* in Ireland, and is, moreover, a standing monument of Ireland's former greatness, and these are two convincing reasons why it should be consigned to neglect. Men will ask "what is Cashel?—who cares for a heap of mouldering walls perched upon a rock?" And yet these same men will talk with respect of the ruins of pagan temples. They will never ask: "What is the Acropolis?—what is the Colosseum?—what is the temple of Jupiter Ammon?" No! for that would be to impeach their "scholarship," forsooth! but the venerable remains of Christian temples and mouldering palaces of a line of Christian princes, though stately and venerable even in decay, have no interest for our modern *scholars*, because they belong to a land who has kings or princes now no more! Alas! poor Ireland! what country on the globe is richer than you in the time-honored remains of ancient art and ancient piety, yet what country on the globe so little noticed by the cold-hearted pensmen who pretend to write for our generation? Where is the chivalrous spirit that should actuate those whose pen or whose word has power to sway the multitude—that spirit that would delight in raising an ancient nation from the unmerited neglect which it has been the business of an oppressive and dominant power to create and foster to her disadvantage?—when will even the children of Ireland learn to do her justice?—when will our Irish writers of mark apply themselves to illustrate the noble antiquities of their country, and bring them before the world in all their solemn grandeur.

With regard to the ruins on the rock of Cashel I have somewhere seen it remarked in quite a candid, condescending way, that "there can be little doubt but that Cashel was at one time the seat of a line of native toparchs or princes." Truly I should think the matter is plain enough from the ruins themselves, even were there mute testimony not corroborated by the various annals of the country.

"These ruins," says a writer in the *Irish Penny Journal*, "on many accounts claim to rank as the most interesting in the British islands.† Ancient buildings of greater extent and higher architectural splendor may indeed be found elsewhere; but in no other spot in the empire can there be seen congregated together so many structures of such different characters and uses, and of such separate and remote ages; their imposing effect being strikingly heightened by the singularity and grandeur of their situation, and the absence from about them of any objects that might destroy the associations they are so well calculated to excite." This remarkable group of architectural remains consists of an ecclesiastical Round Tower in the most perfect preservation; Cormac's Chapel, a small stone-roofed church, said by some to be the first stone church built in Ireland;‡ a cathedral with nave, choir, and transepts in the pointed style of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries; a strongly-fortified castle which served as the palace of the archbishops of Cashel, with the Vicar's Hall, and the dwellings of the inferior clergy attached to the cathedral, all now in ruins. There are also the remains of a Dominican Priory, the finest architectural relic of that order in Ireland.

The following brief account of the principal ruins we borrow from one of the most valuable and the most interesting works ever published on Irish topography.* "On the south side of the cathedral, and near the gateway by which the Rock is entered, there stands a rudely-sculptured figure of St. Patrick—its patron saint; it is mounted on a huge stone, partly sculptured also; and here tradition states that the petty kings of Munster formerly paid their tribute to the superior potentate. . . . . The Round Tower is built of freestone, and not of limestone, as all the adjacent buildings are. It is fifty-six feet in circumference, and ninety feet in height; has four apertures at the top, and a doorway twelve feet from the ground. The cathedral consists of a choir, nave, and transepts, with a square tower in the centre. The greatest length from east to west is about two hundred and ten feet, and the breadth in the transepts is about a hundred and seventy feet. There are no side aisles, and the windows are of the lancet form, usual in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. The most interesting relic on the Rock, however, is unquestionably Cormac's Chapel, not alone for its high antiquity, but for its exceedingly graceful proportions, and the high finish of its workmanship. It consists of a nave and choir, but has neither transepts nor lateral aisles. It is richly decorated in the Norman style of the time, both exteriorly and interiorly; and the entire length of the building is fifty-three feet. There are crypts between the arches of the choir and nave, and the stone roof; and there is a square tower on each side of the building, at the junction of the nave and choir. It is entered by a curious Saxon doorway, decorated with zigzag and head ornaments. Let the reader then imagine the beautiful pile of sacred edifices crowning the entire summit of a huge limestone rock, completely isolated and occasionally precipitous, standing in the midst of a luxuriant country, 'The Golden Vale,' and commanding an extensive prospect—bounded on one side by the lofty range of the Galtee mountains, but permitting upon all other sides the eye to wander over miles upon miles of a richly-cultivated and proverbially productive land; the picturesque effect of which, however, is essentially impaired by the total absence of trees."

But in conjunction with the present appearance of this stately pile of ruins, let us also remember the teeming interest of its associations. Let us consider Cashel of the Kings—as our old chroniclers love to call it—in the light of historic lore, as the royal fortress of Munster from the earliest authentic period; as the see of the great metropolitan of all the southern dioceses of Ireland; the place where a countless line of princes were inaugurated both in pagan and in Christian times; where grave and princely prelates were wont to meet for solemn deliberation; where the armies of the South marshalled their clans on the wide-spreading plain around the Rock's base when preparing to meet the foe. Thither in early Christian times went St. Patrick, St. Declan and St. Ailbe,† the three first pillars of the Irish Church—to consult with their brethren of the hierarchy on the affairs of the infant Church; thither went Murtough O'Brien, King of Leath Mogha, with the princes, and nobles, and bishops and abbots of Ireland, when the good king made over "Cashel of the Kings" to the Bishop of Cashel and his successors for ever; thither, too, did Cormac Mac Carthy, lord of Desmond, summon the estates, both lay and clerical, to assist at the consecration of the beautiful chapel erected by him on the Rock, the same which still bears his name, and will in all probability hand it down to remotest ages. It was another glorious day for Cashel when Donald O'Brien, king of Thomand, completed the erection of the Cathedral-church, where his own ashes await the resurrection in a tomb which forms one of the chief attractions of the now ruined pile. The last great synod held in Cashel is one of mournful associations. It was convened by Henry II. for the purpose of having his claim to the sovereignty of Ireland duly acknowledged; the Bishop of Lismore presided as the Pope's legate, and the hierarchy of Ireland then and there gave in their submission to the king of England. Ah! Cashel of the Kings! that was a sad day for you and Ireland!—your glory even then had departed, else had never that fatal synod been held within your honored walls! Where, then, was the prowess of the brave Dalcassian and Eugenian princes, who so often hurled back the tide of invasion from your plains?—where was Felim, and Olchobar, and Callaghan surnamed *of Cashel?*—where the noble race of the O'Briens, when that act of submission was so calmly tendered and so graciously accepted? Many a time and oft had your princes vanquished the fiercest and mightiest of the Danish Captains, and raised the standard of the cross above the fallen Raven of the North—why was it, then, oh Cashel of the Kings! that thou wert chosen as the scene of that slavish submission to the grasping ambition of Plantagenet? It is not for us to tell. The answers to such questions lie hidden in the fathomless depths of Eternal Wisdom.

In later times, that is to say since the English invasion, Cashel has been the scene of many stirring incidents. During the wars between the great Norman nobles—when the Geraldines and the Butlers rent the South with their ambitious disputes, Cashel was often taken and retaken by the contending parties, and in the great religious struggle of Catholic Ireland against the usurper Cromwell, the Rock of Cashel added another thrilling page to its eventful history. As some of these scenes must be necessarily brought before the reader in detail, it is useless to refer to them here:

"Wreck of a ruin! lovelier, holier far,
Thy ghastly hues of death,
Than the cold forms of newer temples are—
Shrines of a priestless faith.
* * * * *

"'Tis not the work of mind, or hand, or eye,
Builder's or sculptor's skill,
Thy site, thy beauty, or thy majesty—
Not these my bosom thrill.

"That that a glorious monument thou art,
Of the true faith of old,
When faith was one in all the nation's heart,
Purer than purest gold.
* * * * *

"O, for one hour a thousand years ago
Within thy precincts dim,
To hear the chant, in deep and measured flow,
Of psalmody and hymn!

"To see of priests the long and white array,
Around thy silver shrines—
The people kneeling prostrate far away,
In thick and cheeker'd lines.

"To see the Prince of Cashel o'er the rest,
Their prelate and their king,
The sacred bread and chalice by him blest,
Earth's holiest offering.

"To hear in piety's own Celtic tongue,
The most heart-touching pray'r,
That fervent suppliants o'er was heard among,
O, to be then and there!

"There was a time all this within thy wa'ls
Was felt, and heard, and seen;
Faint image only now thy sight recalls,
Of all that once hath been."*

* The above beautiful stanzas are from the pen of the Rev. Dr. Murray of Maynooth.

— In our next, IRISH MISSIONARIES ON THE CONTINENT OF EUROPE; IRELAND A REFUGE FOR PERSECUTED PRINCES; MARTYRDOM OF ST. KILLIAN, A. D. 689.

HOW WE ARE POISONED BY "ENLIGHTENED" BRITISH MERCHANTS.—Arrowroot is adulterated with sago, potato and tapioca starches.

Anchovies are mixed with Dutch, French and Cicilian fish, and sometimes those fish are passed off as the anchovy itself; bole armenian and venetian red are also added to color the liquid which surrounds the fish.

Cayenne, with ground rice, mustard husk, deal sawdust, salt; and colored with red lead and vermillion, or bi-sulphuret of mercury, venetian red and turmeric.

Curry powder, with ground rice, potato farina, and salt; colored with red lead.

Gin, with water, sugar, cayenne, cassia, or cinnamon, and flavorings of different kinds.

Pepper, with wheat and pea flour, ground rice, ground mustard seeds, linseed meal, P.D. or pepper dust.

Snuff, with the chromates of potash, chromate of lead, ferruginous earths, chiefly umbers, red and yellow ochre, red lead or oxide of lead, carbonate of ammonia lime, powdered glass or silex, and powdered orris root.

Tea, with exhausted tea leaves, leaves other than those of tea, British and foreign; among the former those of sycamore, horse-chesnut, and plum; with lie tea, paddy husk, sand, and starch; colored with plumbago or black lead, gum, indigo, Prussian blue, tumeric, Chinese yellow, China clay, and soapstone or French chalk; and it is flavored with sulphate of iron, catechu gum, la veno beno, and Chinese botanical powder.

Tobacco, with water, sugar, treacle, and salts of various kinds.

During the recent State elections nearly 400,000 voters who came out in 1856 remained at home.

* Sir Aubrey de Vere.

† Sir Walter Scott remarked, on visiting these ruins, that though the scenery of our lakes and mountains may be rivalled in many parts of the sister island, there is nothing of their class, viewed as a whole, comparable in interest with the ruins on the Rock of Cashel. He is also said to have expressed his intention of writing a novel in connection with those superb antiquities. Would that he had lived to execute his purpose!

‡ This is clearly a mistake, for the building evidently belongs to the Norman style of the eleventh or twelfth century. It has over its portal, carved in stone, the armorial bearings of Stephen of Blois, king of England, who reigned in the eleventh century. It is now pretty well ascertained that Cormac Mac Carthy, and not Cormac MacCuillenan, was its founder.

* Hall's *Ireland*, vol. II., pp. 166, 167.

† A Synod is said to have been convened at Cashel by St. Patrick, in conjunction with his illustrious fellow-laborers above-named.

OUR LONDON CORRESPONDENCE

The Indian News.—Increased Mail Communication.—A New Way to Pay Old Debts.—The Catholic Chaplains.—The Premier's Speech at the Mayor's Banquet.—The Duke of Newcastle on India.—An Indian Judge.—The Alleged Atrocities denied on the best Authority.—English Atrocities.—Dr. Cullen and the Patriotic Fund.—Monetary and Commercial Matters.—A "Stopper" put on Exeter Hall.—The Divorce Bill and the Anglican Clergy.—Conversion.—Prosecution of Rev. Messrs. Ryan and Conway.—The Orange Manifesto.—Catholic Intelligence.

LONDON, 12th November, 1857.

The report of the fall of Delhi is confirmed by the despatches received at the Foreign Office on yesterday. It was a dear capture, for one-third of the English force perished in the achievement. The killed and wounded amount to nearly twelve hundred men and sixty-one officers. General Nicholson is numbered with the slain, having died of his wounds on the day of the occupation of the capital of the Moguls: the 21st September. The two sons of the King of Delhi were captured in the neighborhood of Delhi and immediately shot. The king who is over ninety years of age was spared; a striking instance of British clemency. Lucknow is said to have been relieved and nearly five hundred English have been killed or wounded in the attempt to relieve the garrison there. The value of this success, otherwise than as a newspaper puff, may be estimated from the fact that the loss of the relieving force was more than twice as great as the number relieved. Many such exploits would soon put the relievers beyond relief. Among the killed was General Neill. The city was not entirely in the possession of the English at the last dates from Cawnpore; it was even asserted that the place was again besieged by a native force 25,000 strong. General Wilson has been obliged by bad health to resign his command to General Penny. More conspiracies have been discovered at Bombay and the natives of Nassick in that Presidency have risen against their oppressors. Disaffection still continues to spread throughout the country, at Mundesar, Amgheera, Dhar, Malva and on the frontiers of Scinde. The insurgents from Dinapore had got up the country to Banda, and Nena Sahib was said to be in that neighborhood for purposes of fraternization with the Gwalior Contingent. Commissioner Greathed had died of cholera. These latter items of intelligence are from the despatches of the *Times'* correspondent. The Punjab is said to be quiet, but *predatory* bands were giving a great deal of annoyance.

Arrangements are said to have been entered into between the Government and the Peninsular and Oriental Company for the carrying of an Indian Mail once a week instead of once a fortnight. It is thought that those arrangements will be completed in time to increase the postal communication between England and India at an early period of 1858.

Coming events cast their shadows before them, and from some editorial shadows to be observed in a ministerial organ it is easy to see that the E. I. Company intends crediting profit and loss with several pensions at present enjoyed by native princes in India. The *Times* also hopes that such of the rich as have aided or even been suspected of abetting the insurgents shall be made to pay dearly for it—in good hard rupees. It requires no prophet come from the dead to tell who will have to bear the expenses of the war in India if the English succeed in subduing the natives.

You will no doubt be surprised to learn that the Honorable the East India Company has allowed to Catholic Chaplains in the field five rupees a day, in addition to the sum of 150 rupees per month already granted them.

The usual common-place character of the Lord Mayor's feast has been varied by a successful piece of oratorical prestidigitation by Lord Palmerston. In reply to the toast of "Lord and Lady Palmerston, and her Majesty's Ministers," the Premier assured those seated at the municipal board that everything is going on in the most satisfactory way, both at home and abroad. The affair of the Sepoys is a mere trifle, according to his Lordship—the crisis is nothing, and the commercial failures are only to be laughed at. With a sublime impudence Lord Palmerston hurls defiance at the Powers of Europe. "If any foreign nation," said the Premier, "ever dreamed in its visions that the exertions which we have been compelled to make in India, had lessened our strength at home, and that the time had arrived when a different bearing might be exhibited towards us from that which was safe in the moment of our strength, the manner in which the spirit of the country has burst forth, the manner in which our ranks have been filled, the manner in which our force has been replenished, will teach the world that it would not be a safe game to play to attempt to take advantage of that which was erroneously imagined to be the moment of our weakness." How our friend and ally across the Channel (for this magnificent outburst of unblushing impudence was designed for his especial benefit) must laugh in his sleeve at this vain boasting, for "he knows better." After the almost total annihilation of an army in the Crimea, after the drain of troops to India, in presence of a commercial crash, and the prospect of an immense unemployed mass during the winter, England is stronger than ever she was. This is Premiers' logic, and is greedily swallowed by our gullible friend John Bull. His Lordship also reported the Punjab as in a most satisfactory state, the despatch since received to the contrary notwithstanding, and pronounced a glowing eulogium on Lord Canning's administration. In short, he proved to the satisfaction of all the well-fed guests around him, that everything was for the best in this best regulated of empires.

I have to add to the list of speakers on India the name of his Grace the Duke of Newcastle. His Grace believes that the power of Government must not be used for proselytizing purposes. The best way to promote the spread of Catholicity is, in the Duke's opinion, to adopt a Christian policy and to exhibit a Christian life to the natives. In such a case the likelihood of the conversion of the Hindoos by the agents of the Christian Company of traffickers in opium is but small indeed.

A Mr. Lewin, formerly an Indian judge, who presided over a meeting of the Aborigines Protection Society, held on Thursday last, denied, on the best authority, the alleged dishonorable treatment of the women at Cawnpore. He believed that the atrocities attributed to the insurgents were greatly exaggerated, and most of them impossible. Among the causes of the insurrection were the interference with the marriage and succession laws, and the seizure of Oude, a proceeding which had been declared by General Law worse than any of the infamous acts of Warren Hastings. The ingratitude of England was the worst feature of that disgraceful affair. In England's difficulty the King of Oude had subscribed largely to the loan, having lent £400,000, which sum was only repaid by the confiscation of his territory.

The London correspondent of the Milan official *Gazette*, in a letter published on Thursday of the past week, writes to that journal, that the papers here were very cautious in publishing private letters received from India by the preceding mail, and assigns as the cause of that caution, the fact that those epistles were full of accounts of atrocities committed by the English soldiers, not only on the Sepoys but on the unarmed population. The writer who is an Englishman, states that he has seen letters from Cawnpore and other places in which it is related *with satisfaction* that the 78th regiment put to death in the neighborhood of Cawnpore no less than 10,000 natives, men, women and children indiscriminately. So much for the *Christian* bearing of the English soldiers.

In a correspondence between Sir John Pakington and Mr. Acton, a Catholic gentleman, who spoke at the Worcestershire meeting, on the application of the Patriotic Fund, the former gentleman denies on the part of the Royal Commissioners, several of the charges made against that body by Dr. Cullen. A reply from the Doctor is announced and will be shortly placed before the public.

The Bank of England has again raised the rate of discount one per cent. Several failures have taken place. Among the most important is that of Dennistoun & Co., extensively connected in the American trade. A communication has been addressed by the Government to the Bank of England to the effect, that if that institution should be unable to meet the demands for discounts on approved securities without exceeding the prescribed limit of its circulation, the Government will be prepared to present to parliament on its re-assembling a bill of indemnity for any excess so issued.

The Rev. Mr. Edouart, incumbent of St. Michaels, in whose parish the famous Exeter Hall is situated, has put his veto on the services held there on Sundays, in a letter to his bishop. Mr. Edouart, acting under the advice of counsel, has given notice to the Rev. Mr. Davies, whose name was on the bills for a sermon in the Hall, of his (Mr. E's) objection to his preaching, and requests his bishop to interpose and relieve him from the necessity of further proceedings in the matter.

The Clergy of the Established Church are preparing a petition to the Queen relative to the Divorce Bill, which places them in a painful position and imposes a restraint on their consciences. As the act can only go into operation except upon or after New Year's Day, by an order of the Queen in Council, they pray her Majesty to withhold that order and give time to amend the act so that the "confusion, inconvenience, and scandal," consequent upon a law contradictory in itself, may be avoided. Church and State are likely to be for some time at loggerheads with regard to this highly moral measure. What an excellent New Year's gift the British people are about to receive in the admirable Divorce Bill!

The Rev. J. Coventry, late Minister of St. Michael's Church, Ottery St. Mary, has embraced the holy Roman Catholic faith.

It is announced that *ex officio* informations have been filed in the Queen's Bench against the Rev. Messrs. Ryan and Conway, the Catholic Clergymen accused of the high crime of thwarting the designs of government candidates at the Mayo election. Government may proceed with the prosecution but can never get a verdict. Not one of the thirty-five counts can be proved to the satisfaction of even the most prejudiced jury.

The Orange Grand Lodge has issued its manifesto, and a most extraordinary document it is. I refrain from commenting on it from the mere fact of its being below comment, both in style and conception. Another riot has been caused in Belfast by one of the affiliated wantonly insulting a Roman Catholic.

The venerated Primate of all Ireland performed the ceremony of consecrating an altar in the Franciscan Church of Drogheda, on the 4th inst. The altar is dedicated to Saint Joseph. After the ceremony, the Lord Primate gave the Papal benediction to the immense concourse assembled within the walls of the sacred edifice.

W.

OUR PARIS CORRESPONDENCE.

All Souls' Day.—Celebration in Paris.—Re-opening of the Court of Cassation.—Ministerial Chaos in Belgium.—The Theological Faculties of France.—Arrival of the French Ambassador in Rome.—Cavaignac.—France, England and Uruguay.—Charity Ball.—Feast of Saint Cecilia.—Death of M. Affre.—Benediction of the new Monumental Cross of Montpellier.

PARIS, 9th Nov., 1857.

Of all the festivals of the Holy Catholic Church there is none proceeding from a more beautiful sentiment than that of All Souls' Day. "It is a holy and wholesome thought to pray for the dead." I know of no sight more touching than that of the Faithful living, kneeling by the graves of the beloved and faithful departed, and praying the Lord for their redemption. That day is, as it were, a connecting link between the quick and the dead, and the thoughts of all who have lost dear friends or relatives are turned towards the world beyond the skies on All Souls' Day. How beautiful also is the custom so feelingly observed in Catholic countries of visiting the graveyards where lie the mortal part of long-lost friends, and laying upon the tomb of the loved the wreath of *immortelles*, emblem of that affection which never dies, and renewing the sacred tribute year after year until summoned in turn to meet those so long mourned, in another and better world. The solemnity of All Souls' Day is a time-honored festival in our holy Church. It dates from the year 998, and was first instituted by Saint Odilon, Abbe de Cluny, who founded it in his Order, whence it eventually spread through the entire Catholic world.

All Saints' Day was celebrated with the greatest pomp in all the Churches in Paris. His Eminence the Cardinal-Archbishop officiated pontifically at Notre Dame, which, like all the other Churches, was filled almost to suffocation. After Vespers, immense crowds commenced wending their way to the different Cemeteries, and all the following day vast numbers paid their visits to the city of the dead, bearing with them, according to custom, their floral tributes to the memory of the departed.

The reopening of the Court of Cassation, the Court of Paris, and the Tribunal of the Seine, took place on the 4th with the usual ceremonies. The Mass of the Holy Ghost was said by his Eminence Cardinal Morlot, in the Sainte Chapelle, and a great number of magistrates, with most of the celebrities of the Bar, assisted at the holy sacrifice. After the magistrates and advocates had heard Mass they adjourned to the various Courts to which they particularly belonged. The Court of Cassation was presided over by M. Troplong, the chief president, by whose side sat the Cardinal-Archbishop of Paris. After having heard the opening address delivered by the Advocate General M. de Marnas, his Eminence, accompanied by his Grand Vicars, was conducted to his carriage, preceded by the Ushers of the Court of Cassation.

The ministerial crisis in Belgium is not yet over, and the *Left* seems to have no small difficulty in forming a ministry from the chaos which it has, thanks to the weakness of King Leopold, succeeded in bringing about. A despatch from Brussels announces that, according to the *Moniteur Belge*, there will be no royal session for the opening of the Chambers. It is stated, moreover, that the interview between the King and M. Charles Rogier, one of the heads of the Gauche, resulted in the failure of an attempt at the formation of a ministry. Subsequently to that Conference M. de Decker had a long interview with his Majesty, and it is generally thought that the resigning ministry will be obliged to open the Chambers until its successor can be patched up.

The *Journal de Bruxelles* publishes a letter from Rome stating that the question of the Faculties of Theology in France, which had been more than half a century in suspense, has been decided. It is well known that Napoleon I established, in France, Faculties of Theology which formed part of the vast system of instruction that, under the name of University, embraced the entire Empire. The establishment of these Faculties was never canonically recognized. According to the author of the letter in question a bull will soon be issued by which the Faculties will be canonically instituted and with the following points: the different dioceses or ecclesiastical provinces of France will form groups each of which will have its Theological Faculty; these Faculties will be entirely separated from the University of France and will be altogether independent of the government; the nomination and the dismissal of professors will be placed in the hands of the bishops of the dioceses belonging to each group, and the Pope will confirm the appointment of the head dignitary of the professional body of each Faculty. The bishops alone will have the right to prescribe the programme of the instruction to be given, to inspect it, in short, to arrange the course of study as in their own seminaries. The correspondent of the *Journal* says that the arrangement entered into is viewed with great satisfaction in Rome.

The Duke de Grammont, the Ambassador of France to his Holiness Pope Pius IX., landed at Civita Vecchia on the 31st ultimo and arrived at Rome on the 1st of the present month.

The *Union de la Sarthe* points out some slight inaccuracies in the accounts of the manner of General Cavaignac's death as reported in all the Parisian papers. The General was fowling and had just fired at a partridge when he was struck down by the fell destroyer. The Cure who was immediately sent for to administer the last Sacraments to the General found only a corpse when he arrived.

The *Moniteur* has published a note emanating from the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, and stating that an agreement had been entered into on the 23d June, 1857, between the Charges of France and England on the one hand and the Government of Uruguay on the other, for the settling of the French and English claims. According to the arrangement, a mixed Commission is to assemble at an early moment, in Montevideo, for the examination of those claims.

A subscription charity ball, under the patronage of the Emperor and Empress is to be given on the 12th, at the Opera, for the benefit of the poor of the Seventh Arrondissement. The illustrious patronage, and the praiseworthy end of the fete will bring an immensd crowd to the Theatre de l'Opera.

The Feast of St. Cecilia will be celebrated on the 19th of this month by the Association of Musical Artists, and a mass, by Ambroise Thomas, will be sung by six hundred artists, in the parish Church of St. Eustache.

M. Henri Affre, nephew of the illustrious Archbishop of Paris, who lost his life in 1848, has just died of a malignant fever, at Rhodes, whither he went to attend on his father, who has been attacked by a severe malady.

On the last Friday in October, the solemn benediction of a new Cross to replace an old one erected in 1821, was celebrated at Montpellier. The *Christ* on the new cross is an admirable work of art and is due to the talent of an artist-child of Montpellier. The execution has been greatly admired, and connoisseurs have compared M. Cusson's work to the most splendid productions of the Renaissance. The Most Rev. Bishop, accompanied by the clergy, went in procession to the foot of the Cross, ascended the steps of an altar erected at the foot of the monument, and pronounced the benediction in the midst of a religious silence. A discourse was pronounced by the Abbe Vigourel who concluded his eloquent effort by crying: "*Vive la Croix;*" the entire assembly echoing the words of the zealous and eloquent missionary repeated several times the cry of: "*Vive la Croix!*" The procession returned to the Cathedral singing the *Te Deum*, and the Bishop concluded the ceremony by the benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

A BENEVOLENT ACT.—We are happy to chronicle the fact that Hecker & Brother, the well-known Millers, have signified their intention of supplying the deserving poor of the Seventh Ward with bread in proportion to their necessities during the winter. This is a munificent as well as a benevolent act, and we earnestly hope that the example thus set by the Messrs. Hecker may have the effect of inducing others to contribute to the comforts of the poor in their respective wards, according to the means with which the Almighty has favored them.

CITY NEWS.

Evacuation and Thanksgiving Days in the City.—Last week was one of jubilee. Despite the pressure and its concomitants, New York citizens resolved to be jolly, and to array themselves in their gayest—and New York citizens were right for once. Wednesday being the seventy-fourth anniversary of the evacuation of this city by the British, the event was celebrated in an appropriate manner by our citizen soldiery, under the command of Major-General Sandford. It having been previously arranged that the remains of Major-General Worth should, on that day, be deposited beneath the monument erected to his memory in Madison Square, the troops proceeded from the Battery immediately after the review, and took up a position in the Park, their right resting on Murray street. It being now noon, and the entire funeral arrangements completed, the remains of the deceased soldier were borne from the Governor's room, and placed in a splendid catafalque, which was in waiting in the Park, shortly after which the procession moved up Broadway, through Fourteenth-street and the Fifth Avenue, to Twenty-fifth-street, where the monument is situated. Notwithstanding the intense coldness of the day, Broadway, as well as the remaining line of the procession, was crowded by an immense concourse of persons, belonging to different conditions, ages, and nationalities. Everybody seemed determined to be pleased with himself and with everybody else; and the whole affair passed off with harmony and good feeling. Over six thousand troops, besides the civic body of the city of New York, as well as several associations, were present, and took part in the procession. The catafalque was drawn by sixteen iron gray horses, four abreast, arrayed in black cloth-housings. The heads of the animals were adorned with ostrich plumes. General Worth's horse, a beautiful bay, saddled and bridled, was led after the catafalque. The 71st Regiment formed the guard of honor. The flags on the City Hall and the other public buildings were flying at half-mast, while the tolling of bells in different directions added very considerably to the entire proceedings. The following day (Thursday) being Thanksgiving, was very creditably observed. From an early hour the various stores and other places of business were closed, and people betook themselves wherever their fancies or wishes dictated. There was of course the usual amount of mortality among the turkey tribe. In this city alone it is calculated that some fifty thousand fell victims to the custom which render one of them an almost indispensable component of an American Thanksgiving dinner. The cold of the preceding day too was considerably abated, rendering a delay in the open air more pleasing than otherwise. We like holidays exceedingly, and are in favor of their observance. Relaxation from care and manual labor at certain intervals is always attended with beneficial results. The commemoration of great historical events in the country's history should be likewise sedulously observed. It will be a dark day for America when Evacuation Day or the Fourth of July ceases to excite a thrill of hearty and grateful recollection in the breasts of her people.

Geneological Researches. — The N. Y. *Tribune* is never without its hobby. Latterly its proprietors have appropriated to themselves the task of ascertaining the parentage of every individual in the country charged with the commission of a single overact, and the result of such investigation is, that the perpetrators in nine cases out of ten are pronounced of Irish birth, and then duly recorded as such in the columns of that journal. In a country where the perpetration of the most heinous and diabolical crimes are of daily occurrence, and scarce evoke more than a passing notice, this is decidedly an arduous undertaking, and we doubt not but the people on whose behalf such stupendous labor is undertaken will not fail of appreciating its merits, and rewarding it as it deserves, whenever the opportunity presents itself. It is writ of the Irish race that they possess "long memories;" we entreat them not to forget the above generosity, but to treasure up carefully the same. But unfortunately for the *Tribune's* veracity its reports are found to correspond in point of truth exactly with the majority of its once famous "Kansas Bulletins," which bore about the same relation to truth that light does to darkness—which, being interpreted, means directly its opposite. We shall quote an instance. The principal in the late Greenwich street outrage was proclaimed in the columns of the *Tribune* to be of Irish birth, a few hours after the perpetration of the outrage, and before the real facts could possibly be ascertained; subsequent investigation, however, proved very conclusively that the young but outrageous fiend was of the "manor born," the countryman of Brayman, Furniss, and Waters, of Port Jefferson. Since then, the parties have redoubled their efforts; in fact, they may, with truth, be said to be "perpetually on the alert." We must not, of course, be understood as claiming a pre-emption from crime on the part of our people. In common with the rest of humanity, they partake of a portion of man's fallen nature, but we do take exception to their being made the target at which every profane and rabid bigot in the country, may with impunity hurl the shaft of malevolence or of disappointed hopes. We have paid far more attention to this subject than it deserves. Our people are perfect strangers to the *Tribune*. Its disgusting ebullitions are happily never read or seen by them. Their ignorance of its contents can therefore only be compared to the unmitigated contempt with which they have at all times regarded its teachings, as well as the absurd and foolish doctrines it endeavors to promulgate. They very wisely consider that the effusions of some inebriate New England Puritan, filthy and fanatical, are of little moment, and we should very probably have followed their example, were it not that some day about the latter part of last week, four or five individuals about whom the Irish residents in this city know little, and care less, and of whom the *Tribune* remarked that "it would not be amiss to say were Irishmen by birth," came in for a share of the animadversions of that exemplary journal. Of this, however, our readers may rest assured that, be their faults and short-comings ever so reprehensible, they will be found on investigation to compare rather favorably with those of any among the *Tribune's* stockholders —bankrupt or otherwise.

The Central Park and its Extent.—Most of the city journals—weeklies as well as dailies—in alluding to the Central Park, invariably strive to impress their readers with the idea that it will be when laid out and completed the largest park in the world; and in support of this assertion generally wind up by exclaiming, "London has nothing to compare with it," as if London were the only city in the universe privileged to possess or to enjoy the luxury of a public place of recreation. This is the sheerest absurdity. The New York Central Park, comprising 776 statute or English acres, will, undoubtedly, be a large one, and can compare very favorably in point of extent with most European parks, but it will neither be the largest, nor yet the second largest in existence. There are in France and in Germany several that can compare with it on the score of dimensions, while the Bois de Boulogne in the first-named country is almost double its size. While on the subject of Parks, it may be well to observe that the Phœnix Park, Dublin, is the largest in existence, and without a rival in either hemisphere, both as regards its extent, as well as the varied features which should be the characteristics of a place of the sort. From a survey of this Park made in the year 1776, its extent was ascertained to be 1,086 acres Irish plantation measure, equal to about 1,800 acres English or statute measure, contained in a circumference of five and a half Irish or seven English miles. It will be readily supposed that such an extent of ground embraces within it a variety of scenery and of situations; and such is the case. To those who have not seen the "Phœnix," as Dubliners term it, we would remark that there is a pleasing inequality about the grounds, producing a variety of hill and dale, very agreeably diversified with wood and water, besides affording several retired and delightful walks, suited for study or contemplation, and sufficient to gratify the taste of the most fastidious. It is, we repeat, a folly to talk of the London Parks in connection with those attached to other cities in Europe. That capital has nothing that can at all bear a comparison with any of their principal ones, in point of extent. Regent's Park, which is the largest, is scarcely quarter the size of the Phœnix, and Hyde Park, which comes next, is not much more than one-sixth its size.

The *Northern Light*, with two weeks later intelligence from California and a million three-quarters in specie, arrived here on Sunday last. The Mormons are charged with the recent murder of 118 emigrants while passing through that territory to California.

The deaths in this city last week amounted to 404—84 more than in the previous one.

CATHOLIC INTELLIGENCE.

Foreign.

The foundation-stone of another new church, from designs by Mr. Clutton, was laid in Douglas, Isle of Man, by the Right Rev. Dr. Goss, Bishop of Liverpool. To any person acquainted with the wants which Catholics in this place have hitherto experienced, it must be a matter of great pleasure to know they have taken steps towards remedying their necessities. At present there are three priests in charge of the mission. Ramsey and Peel are entrusted to the Rev. Mr. Coll; Castletown and Douglas, to Revs. James Carr and Hawsworth. There is a temporary chapel at Ramsey, and another at Peel. To the one and the other of them the faithful have had to walk distances of eight or ten miles on Sundays, and half the number visiting them could not get proper accommodation. Things are not so bad at Douglas. Here there is a chapel, which is, comparatively speaking, a decent one, but, like the others, far too small to admit all the faithful who attend it. There are from 1,200 to 1,500 Catholics residing in the town and suburbs, and only 400 or 500 of them can get seats in the church.

The Feast of All Saints was celebrated by the solemn opening of a new church at Eastmuir, a suburban village to Glasgow. This success has been accomplished, under the Divine blessing, by the zeal and energy of the good pastor of Eastmuir, the Rev. Patrick M'Laughlin. The mission of Eastmuir is very scattered, entailing great labor of mind and body on its priest. It consists of about fifteen different villages, with a Catholic population of between 2,000 and 3,000 souls. In this district there are six Sunday schools, the aggregate attendance at which is about 300 children. The new church, which is dedicated to St. Paul, is a substantial building, with an apse for the altar, and possesses nearly every feature which can be considered essential to the complete Catholic ideas.

The solemn benediction and laying of the foundation-stone of the convent of the Sisters Oblates of Mary Immaculate, Mount St. Marie's, Leeds, took place on Wednesday, the 11th Nov. Catholicism has so far obtained a footing in Leeds, that with the church, convent, and contemplated monastery in connection with the mission of the good Oblate Fathers, it will be considered quite a central and prominent town for possessing a community of religious such as St. Marie's.

Monsignor Francois Maria Charbonnelle, Bishop of Toronto, Upper Canada, delivered an earnest and impressive discourse in the Catholic cathedral of this city, chiefly in condemnation of mixed education. He showed the baneful effects of mixed education in his own country (France), as likewise in America. On same evening he addressed a very crowded congregation, at St. John's Church, after which he gave benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. The Right Rev. Prelate spoke fluently, in very good English, with but a slight French accent.—*Waterford News.*

The Right Rev. Dr. O'Brien administered the sacrament of Confirmation to 230 children in the Cathedral of this city. A number of the pupils of the Christian Brothers' schools formed a portion of the recipients of the holy sacrament.—*Ibid.*

The Bishop of Toronto has offered 1,000 acres of land, in Canada, to the monks of Melleray, in order to establish a branch of their order in that country.—*Ibid.*

Mrs. Rosina Strange, Superioress of the Mercy Convent, Carlow, departed for Gort to found a convent of the order in that town; the nuns who accompanied her are as follow: Sister Mary Aloysius Doyle (reverend mother of the new establishment); Sister M. Xavier Downey; Sister M. Magdelen Fox; Sister M. Joseph Byrne, and Miss Conan. This is the second foundation from our Convent of Mercy during six months.—*Carlow Post.*

The Right Rev. Bishop of Toronto, during his short stay in Limerick, visited the religious institutions, and on Friday, the 6th of Nov., he called at the convent of Laurel Hill, where he expressed the great pleasure it afforded him to hear his native language (the French) spoken by the pupils of that establishment with such facility and even elegance.—*Limerick Reporter.*

The Right Rev. Dr. Ryan, Lord Bishop of Limerick, confirmed a very large number of male and female children and adults, in St. Michael's Church. Nearly all the children attended High Mass in the morning, and many of them received first communion at the hands of the Rev. J. W. Darrac, P.P., St. Michael's.—*Ibid.*

The Rev. Dr. Meehan most gratefully acknowledges the receipt of £76 12s. 3d., the amount of a collection made at the chapels of Kilfinane and Ardpatrick, on Sunday, the 8th Nov., towards the erection of the new chapel of Ballyorgan.—*Ibid.*

The Right Rev. Dr. Charbonelle, Lord Bishop of Toronto, Upper Canada, has been on a visit with the venerable Bishop of Limerick, for the last few days. His lordship's visit to this country has for its object the obtainment of priests for the Canadian mission.—*Ibid.*

The Right Rev. Dr. Vaughan has received from the Holy See a letter in reply to one written by his lordship authorizing the election of a coadjutor bishop for the diocese of Killaloe.—*Ibid.*

In the beautiful chapel attached to the Convent of the Sisters of Mercy, Miss Margaret M'Guire, (eldest daughter of Bernard M'Guire, Esq., Enniscorthy,) and Miss Catherine Power, (daughter of Michael Power, Esq., residing near Waterford,) were received into this order, by his lordship the Right Rev. Dr. Furlong.

A most respectable meeting of the parishioners of Carrick-on-Suir was held under the presidency of Thomas Lalor, Esq., J.P., D.L., Cregg House, for the purpose of testifying the regard entertained for the Rev. P. Byrne, during a missionary career of thirteen years in that town, and the profound regret caused amongst all classes by his removal to Ardfinan.—*Tipperary Free Press.*

The reception of a nun took place in the Convent of Mercy of this town, when Miss Margaret O'Reilly, in religion Sister Mary Aloysius, neice to the Venerable Archdeacon O'Reilly, P.P., Athlone, was received into the holy sisterhood. The Right Rev. Dr. Browne officiated, assisted by many of the neighboring clergy.—*Roscommon Messenger.*

We deeply regret to have to announce the death of the Rev. J. J. Ryan, P.P., Carrigaline, which took place at his residence Carrigaline. The deceased was thirty-six years parish priest of Carrigaline, and had completed his forty-seventh year in the ministry.—*Cork Reporter.*

Bulls have been received from Rome for the consecration of the Right Rev. Dr. O'Hea as Bishop of Ross. Hitherto the future bishop has been known and esteemed as the parish priest of Roscarbery.—*Cork Examiner.*

Domestic.

Dedication of Holy Trinity Church.—The new German Church of the Holy Trinity, corner of Centre Avenue and Crawford street, was dedicated on Sunday, the 22d November, by Bishop O'Connor, to the service of Almighty God. The ceremonies commenced at 10 1-2 o'clock. As is customary on such occasions, a small sum, to assist in liquidating the debt incurred in the erection of the edifice, was charged those who wished to witness the ceremonies.—*Pittsburgh Catholic.*

At a Pontifical Mass in the Cathedral of Covington, on Sunday week last, the Right Reverend Bishop Carrell conferred the first Clerical Tonsure on Mr. F. Leming, and the Holy Order of Priesthood on the Reverend Andrew Michel, of Baden.

On Sunday, November 15, the Right Rev. Bishop of Louisville administered Confirmation at St. Catharine's Church, New Haven, to seventy-eight persons.

At the latest news, the Right Rev. Bishop Whelan was at "Five Churches," in Hungary.

NEW YORK MARKETS.

Cotton.—Holders are asking 11⅜c. for Middling Uplands, and sales to the extent of 200 bals. have been made, closing at that figure, though buyers generally refuse to respond; Middling Gulfs are saleable at 12c.; there is no market for Sea Island Cotton, and none of any consequence has come forward.

Coffee.—There is a small business doing at easier prices; the decline for the week is ½ @ ¾c.; the sales are 960 bags Rio at 9 @ 10c.; 800 bags St. Domingo, and 200 bags Maracaibo, on private terms. The stock of Rio is about 190,000 bags.

Flour and Meal.—The better grades have varied but little and have sold quite freely—the current price being above their limits; the sales are 13,000 bbls. at $5 @ $5 10 for common to good State; $5 20 @ $5 40 for extra do.; $5 @ $6 10 for superfine Indiana and Michigan; $5 20 @ $6 for extra do.; $5 50 @ $6 for common to good extra Ohio; $6 @ $7 25 for good to choice do.; $6 @ $7 50 for St. Louis brands; and $6 @ $7 75 for extra Genesee. Canadian Flour is better; the demand is fair and the arrivals moderate; sales of 700 bbls. at $5 30 @ $6 50. Southern Flour is more active; the arrivals are fair and the market is better, and at the close is buoyant; the sales are 2,600 bbls. at $5 25 @ 15 50 for mixed to good brands But more, &c., and $6 55 @ $7 for the better grades. Rye Flour is firmer, the supply is fair; sales of 200 bbls. at $3 50 @ $4 65. Corn Meal is in moderate supply and firmer; sales of 100 bbls. at $3 50 for Jersey, and $3 65 for Brandywine, and Puncheons $17 @ $17 50. Buckwheat Flour is firmer and in demand at $2 25 ₱ cwt. D.

Grain.—The Wheat market is rather more active and prices of common qualities are better; the supply larger, but the stock in store is moderate; the sales are 1,700 bush. Southern Red at $1 16 @ $1 28; 5,000 bush. Amber do. at $1 34; 450 bush. White do. at $1 40 @ $1 45 for common; 4,300 bush. Red Michigan at $1 14; 1,000 bush. White do. at $1 44; 24,000 bush. White Canadian at $1 25 @ $1 35; 6,500 bush. Milwaukie Club at $1 08 @ 31 09; 1,100 bush. Red Indiana at $1 15, and 7,000 bush. Red Wisconsin at $1 10. Rye is held with much firmness; the demand is fair at 80c. for Northern Prime. Oats are in small stock and are better; sales of Jersey at 42@44c., State at 50@52c., and Western at 52@54c. Corn is again better; the stock is very limited of old and new is sparingly offered; the sales are 21,000 bush. at 87 @ 88c. for Western Mixed; 90c. for Southern Yellow, and 70 @ 75c. for new crop Yellow Jersey. Barley is in fair request; sales of 1,800 bush. Common State at 78c. White beans are more plenty; sales of 500 bush. new at $1 56 @ $1 62½ per bush. Canadian Peas are in limited demand; sales of 700 bush. at $1 @ $1 05.

Hides.—A little more is doing, and prices are in the buyers' favor; sales of 2,800 Savanilla at 15c., 6 and 7 mos., rejecting bad Hides; 300 City Slaughter at 6c., cash; 3,700 Vera Cruz at 17½c., 5 mos., usual selection; 1,600 Orinoco at 18c., 6 mos., usual selection; 250 West Salted Bermuda, and 600 Dry Curacoa on private terms.

Iron.—The market remains very dull and prices are merely nominal; Scotch Pig is still held at $28 @ $29, 6 mos., while sales for cash have been effected as low as $22. Common and Refined English Bars remain quiet and somewhat nominal at $52 @ $62. Sheets are in moderate request at 5½@5¾c. for English as to assortment, and 11 @ 11½c. for Russia, 6 mos.

Leather.—There is no change in prices, and only a small business is doing.

Lime.—There have been no receipts of Rockland and prices continue nominal for both Common and Lump.

Provisions.—The Pork market is heavy; the supply of new is increasing; the demand is moderate; sales of 120 bbls. at $18 75 @ $19 25 for Mess—the inside price for Light weight; $16 75 for Prime; $16 75 @ $17 for Prime Mess; $18 for Thin Mess, and $19 75 @ $20 for Clear. Beef is freely offered, and is dull and rather lower—the demand is confined to the local trade; sales of 160 bbls. at $5 75 @ $7 for Country Prime; $9 25 @ $10 50 for do. Mess; $12@$14 for repacked Western Mess; $15 for Extra do.; $13 25@$13 50 for Vermont Mess, and $14 50 for Extra do. Prime Mess is inactive and heavy at $21 @ $24. Beef Hams are steady; sales of 84 bbls. at $14 50 @ $17. Bacon is in limited demand, and is lower; sales of 50 boxes Cumberland Cut at 9c. Dressed Hogs are more plenty, and in fair demand at 6¾ @ 7¾c. Lard is freely offered and is lower; the demand is moderate. Bacon is inactive at 12 @ 12½c. for Western Smoked. Butter is plenty and in moderate demand, at 12 @ 17c. for Ohio, and 15 @ 20c. for State. Cheese is saleable at 6 @ 6½c. to the trade only.

Sugars are steady and moderately active; the sales include 64 hhds. Cuba at 6¾c., cash; 320 hhds. do. at 6¾ @ 6¾.

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Terms:

Board and Tuition, per annum	$160
Washing and Mending	20
Books and Stationery	12
Music—Vocal and Instrumental	12
Do (with Piano) do	24

Payable half-yearly, on entrance, and during the first week of second session. No departure from the above terms.

☞ With the exception of Doctor's Fees, there is no extra charge whatever.

N. B.—Each boarder should have a sufficiency of Linen and Clothing. The uniform of the Institution comes to $9 or $10. dec5 tf

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For Board and Tuition, per Session of 46 Weeks, one Quarter payable in advance $100 00
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For Half-Boarders, who dine at the Academy, per Session, as above 50 00
Piano and Vocal Music, per Quarter 12 00
Guitar " " 12 00
Painting and Drawing 6 00
No extra charge for French.

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French being generally spoken by the Ladies, the course of instruction in that tongue will be thorough and entire, affording in familiar conversation, as well as recitation (during which special attention will be devoted to purity of accent and idiom), ample facilities for a perfect acquisition of the language.

Plain Sewing, Embroidery on Lace and Muslin, Bead, Chenille, Shell, Pencil and Wax Work, Tapestry, &c.

Drawing in Crayon, Indian Ink and Black Lead; Painting in Oriental Style, in water colors; Music, vocal and instrumental, Piano and Guitar. In short, all the branches usually taught in the best schools, shall be objects of attention and study in this Institute.

Pupils who board at the Academy should be provided with two pairs of Sheets, Pillow Cases, Towels, Table Napkins, Knife, Silver Fork, Spoon, a Silver or Britannia Goblet, Combs and Brushes. ag8 3m

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Entrance Fee ..... $ 10 00
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Payments to be made half-yearly in advance.

Tuition.

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Instrumental Music, Spanish and German Languages, form extra charges.

For further particulars address

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THIS Institution, situated on a healthy and beautiful eminence, about two miles from Cincinnati, is conducted by the secular clergy who have charge of the Cincinnati Provincial Seminary, and has for its aim to furnish its pupils a thorough education under Catholic influences, and to fit them for any business or profession of life.

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TERMS.—Board and Tuition (including washing, mending, &c.) payable half-yearly *in advance.*

Classical Course per session of ten months $1 75
Commercial " " 1 50

Music, if taught, will constitute an extra charge of $50 per session. Books and Stationery may be bought at the Institution.

The session opens on the 24th of August. The Institution has been honored with the cordial approbation of the Most Rev. Archbishop Purcell of Cincinnati and Most Rev. Archbishop Blanc of New Orleans.

Communication to be addressed to

REV. S. H. ROSECRANS, D.D.,
President.
ja6 3m

ACADEMY OF MOUNT ST. VINCENT,

NEW YORK.

THIS Institution is situated on 105th street, between Fifth and Sixth Avenues, near Harlem. The Scholastic Year will commence on the first Monday in September.

TERMS.—Board, Tuition and Washing per annum, payable half-yearly in advance, $160.

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Terms:

The annual pension for Board, Tuition, Washing, Mending Linen and Stockings, and use of Bedding, paid half-yearly in advance, is $150
For Students not learning Greek or Latin 135
Those who remain at the College during the vacation, will be charged extra 15
French, Spanish, German, and Drawing, each per annum 20
Music, per annum 40
Use of Piano, per annum 8

Books, Stationery, Clothes, if ordered, and in cases of sickness, Medicines and Doctors's Fees will form extra charges.

No uniform is required. Students should bring with them three suits, six shirts, six pair of stockings, four towels, and three pairs of boots or shoes, brushes, &c.

nov17 REV. P. REILLY, *President.*

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Terms:

Board and Tuition per session $60 00
Stationery and Books 7 00
Washing, Bed and Bedding 10 00
Ancient and Modern Languages, Mathematics, Music, &c., form extra charges.

REV. J. T. JARBOE, O.S.D.,
sep19 1y *President.*

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The course of instruction is twofold—Classical and Commercial. The Classical course, which includes Natural and Moral Philosophy, is so directed as to fit the Students for entering at the end of their studies, whatever liberal profession they may think proper to embrace. The Commercial department is destined to prepare young men for commercial pursuits.

For further information apply at the Institution.

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ag29 tf Catholic Pastor.

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